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INGOLDSBY LYRICS.







THE REV^d RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.
("THOMAS INGOLDSBY.")





THE
INGOLDSBY LYRICS.

BY
THOMAS INGOLDSBY, Esq.

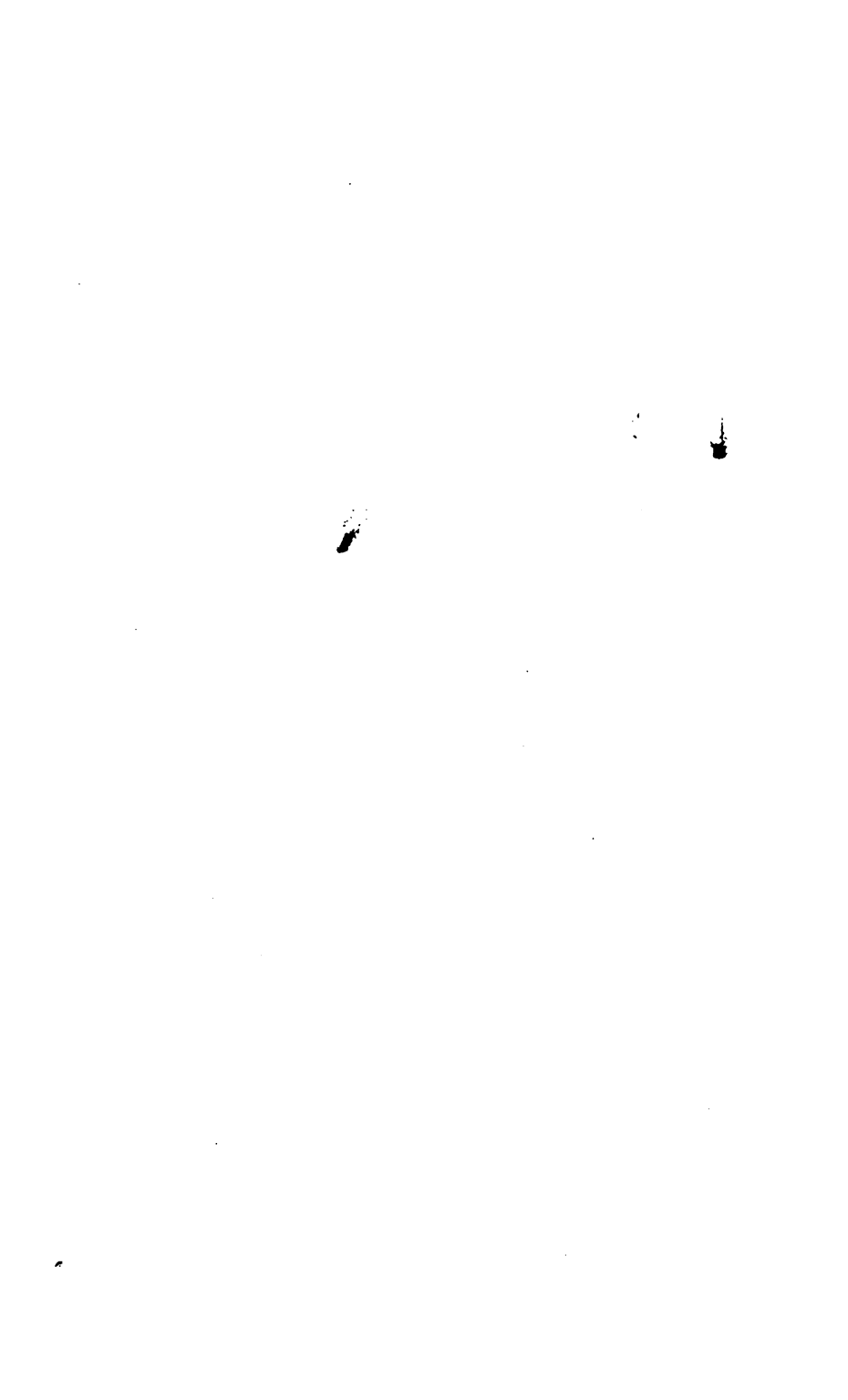
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HIS SON.



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280. J. 707.



PREFACE.

“WHY not get together the miscellaneous poems of Thomas Ingoldsby, and offer them to an indulgent public in a separate volume?” “Well, in the first place, as Sydney Smith says, ‘Sufficient for the day is the nonsense thereof;’ then it seems to me that the public have already Thomas Ingoldsby’s works in well-nigh every imaginable form that typographical art can supply, or that the reader can desire” “True, as regards the Legends; not so as regards his minor pieces. They lie scattered here, there, and everywhere. Some are given in his ‘Life,’ some are tacked on to the end of it; some appear in one edition of the ‘Ingoldsby Legends,’ some only in another; while many remain unknown, buried in old magazines and newspapers. Why not collect them? Never mind Sydney Smith.”

Such is the substance of more than one communication which I have held with members of that indulgent public which have so handsomely appreciated Thomas Ingoldsby's efforts to amuse them. My answer was generally, I must confess, of a shuffling, evasive sort: "Ah—well—yes! There is a good deal in what you say. I'll see about it." And so the matter rested. At length there came even from the *penetralia* of Burlington Street an echo of the old inquiry:—"Why not?" etc. This was a very different affair, and the consequence was that I did see about it. The present volume is the result of the investigation. Whether it prove as acceptable to the indulgent public aforesaid as its sanguine promoters anticipate, remains to be shown. I can only say that I have done my best to make it so.

With a view, then, of presenting in the "Ingoldsby Lyrics" as complete a collection as circumstances allow of my father's minor poems, I have included all those miscellaneous pieces which have either appeared in the "Life of Richard Harris Barham," or have been imported into the third series of the "Legends." With the two first series, which were arranged by the author himself, I have not, save in a single instance, meddled.

To this collection there are added various skits and characteristic versifications which are now for the first time reprinted, together with one or two trifles not hitherto published. Of course it would not be possible, even if it were desirable, to identify and reproduce every piece of ephemeral humour which fell from Ingoldsby's busy pen and found its way into the papers. But nothing of interest has been omitted. Of that I am certain. So that the two books—the "Legends" and the "Lyrics"—together may be said to comprise the whole of his poetical works which are worth preserving. I have only to add that in arranging them I have had as much regard to dates as was compatible with any attempt at classification, and that the pieces in the different groups are placed pretty much in the order in which they were written.

R. H. D. BARHAM.



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INGOLDSBY LYRICS.

Herzes

*Spoken at St. Paul's School by F. P. R., aged ten years,
April 30, 1807.*

*Spes arrepta juvenum, exultantiaque haurit
Corda pavor pulsans.—VIRGIL.*

By hopes and anxious fears at once oppressed
What throbs tumultuous swell the youthful breast !

AS when, at eve, their daily labours done,
While in the west declines the setting sun,
And neighb'ring hills their length'ning shadows throw
O'er the luxuriant meads that smile below,
In some sweet vale, remote from public view,
The village youth their rustic sports pursue,
While various groups assemble on the green,
If chance some stripling view the mirthful scene,
As yet unskill'd to urge the mimic war,
Or hurl with well-pois'd arm the pond'rous bar,
His ardent breast with emulation glows,
And eager hope a tenfold strength bestows ;

What mix'd sensations fill his anxious breast,
When first in open view he stands confest,
Joins the gay troop, and in the sportive play
'Midst youthful rivals makes his first essay !
So in *my* breast distracting doubts prevail,
And new emotions now *my* mind assail ;
As, in such scenes untried, these boards I tread,
" With all my imperfections on my head,"
Alternate passions in my bosom sway,
Now buoy'd by hope, now harass'd by dismay.

Think not I stand to act a feigned part,
Or pourtray feelings foreign to my heart ;
No blood-stain'd Richard here disdains to yield,
Raves for his horse, and treads th' ensanguin'd field ;
No sorrowing Hamlet mourns his murder'd sire,
No lovers sigh, or treach'rous foes conspire ;
No borrowed character—I come to raise
My voice, as duty prompts, in Colet's praise ;
Whose mind by strong benevolence inspired,
By patriot warmth and love of virtue fired,
To rescue man from sloth's destructive hand,
And from fell ign'rance save his native land,
To free mankind from superstitious powers
This fabric raised in most auspicious hours.

Patron of learning, and religion's friend,
To thee in fervent gratitude we bend ;

Though death has call'd thee hence to endless day,
Though years roll on, and ages pass away,
Thy name, thine honour'd name, shall still survive,
And in our grateful bosoms ever live !
But hold ! methinks I hear some critic cry,
" The boy's too late ; the time has long gone by ;
Young Roscii now have lost the power to charm,
And infant orators no longer swarm :
At length aroused, our strange delirium o'er,
Their puny efforts please our ears no more."

'Tis true I'm young : perhaps, too, somewhat small :
But that has been the common lot of all :
Grave rev'rend sages, heroes six feet high—
Nestor himself—were once as young as I :
The sturdiest oak that ploughs the boist'rous main,
The guardian bulwark of Britannia's reign,
A sapling once, within its native vale,
Shrank from the blast and bow'd at every gale.
Ladies, to you I turn ; my cause befriend,
Blame not a fault each day will help to mend.
In these sage times of wisdom so profuse,
This reign of reason, sense, and Mother Goose,
Consult your hearts, and blame us if you can,
If boys, when men turn children, ape the man.

My youth forgive ! When time has o'er me flown,
And future years have marked me for their own,

Oft to these scenes may I again repair,
And oft again your flatt'ring favours share !
My hopes confirm ; my doubts, my fears remove ;
Blame where you must ; and where you can, approve !

Benevolence.

THE lark sings loud, 'tis early morn,
These woodland scenes among,
The deep-toned pack and echoing horn
Their jovial notes prolong.

And see poor puss, with shorten'd breath,
Splashed sides, and weary feet,
In terror views approaching death,
And crouches at my feet !

Her strength is gone, her spirits fail,
Nor further can she fly ;
The hounds snuff up the tainted gale,
And nearer sounds the cry.

Poor helpless wretch ! methinks I view
Thee sink beneath their power !
Methinks I see the ruffian crew
Thy tender limbs devour !

Yet O ! in vain thy foes shall come :
So cheer thee, trembling elf !
These guardian arms shall bear thee home—
I'll eat thee up myself !

Occasional Epilogue,

TO "RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE,"

*Spoken by Major Hart, in the character of Michael Peres, at the
Canterbury Theatre, May, 1821, the performance being for
the benefit of Mr. G. Questead and family.*

(*Behind.*) Speak the address ? Who, me ? I can't
indeed !

Prompter. Why, sir, your name's announced, so pray
proceed !

They'll grow impatient !

Major H. Well, upon my word,
Was ever anything half so absurd !

You can't be serious ?

Prompter. Sir, 'tis very true.

Major H. O ! mighty pretty. (*Enters with a paper.*)

Ladies, pray what say you ?

My name's announced, he says, and I not know it !
And then what's here ! The deuce is in the poet—

'Tis arrant tragedy ! all rant and whine !
Upon my life I couldn't speak a line ;
Observe these lineaments—peruse each feature—
Ladies, is this a face for doleful metre ?
Say, am I fit to cry “ alack for pity,”
Or quaver out some lamentable ditty,
Recite a dismal tale of woe on woes,
While sad complainings murmur through my nose ?
But hold ! I may be wrong—methinks you smile,
Perhaps “ I do mistake me all this while.”
By Jupiter, it may be worth the trying—
How I should like to set you all a-crying !
But then I'm shy—too diffident by half,—
Faith, I will venture it, but pray don't laugh.
Thus, then, the bard.

(Reads.)

No common claims to-night

Thalia's vot'ries to her fane invite ;
The sympathizing Muse, to Pity true,
Appeals to mild Benevolence—and you—
Warmly implores your gen'rous aid to raise
The hopes of him who once knew better days :
Nor vain the call, for when did Beauty's ear
Affliction's suppliant voice disdain to hear,
Or when did Beauty's bounty fail to flow
To soothe Misfortune's child, and heal his woe ?

Ye who have viewed on this eventful night
The manly Leon guard a husband's right,
Or sat and gaily smiled with genuine glee
At cozen'd Peres (that's a hit at me!),
By his own arts and vanity betray'd,
And Estifania's wiles (confound the jade!),
Our task perform'd, reflect with cheerful heart,
Ye too have play'd, and play'd a noble part!
And O! may still such parts your minds engage,
Through Life's great drama on the world's wide stage!
And when, with many a well-play'd act between,
Ye reach at length, the last, the closing scene,
Then shall the good and wise your efforts cheer,
And mark your exit with th' approving tear;
No snarling critic vex with envious brawls,
But Heaven applaud you, when the curtain falls.

Ballad.

IN IMITATION OF HAFIZ, DELLA CRUSCA, AND CO.*

WHERE yon rock o'erhangs the billow,
 Bending o'er its shaggy brow,
Lord Alphonso, crowned with willow,
 Viewed the black abyss below.

* *Vide* the "Baviad" and "Mæviad."

“Cease,” he cried, “thou stormy ocean ;
Hush thy roaring waves to rest,
Cease thy wild, tempestuous motion—
Emblem of my troubled breast.

“Once my heart beat high with pleasure,
Once the joys of life were mine ;
Plundered of my dearest treasure,
Now my bosom swells like thine.

“O Matilda ! perjured beauty,
Thou couldst all my woes dispel ;
Why forsake, unheeding duty,
One who loved so long—so well.

“Thou hast left me, too deceiving—
Left me pressed with grief and care ;
Sighs my tortured breast are heaving ;
All my refuge is despair !

“Sadly now I view each morrow,
Vainly now the past regret ;
What can soothe a wretch’s sorrow
Whelmed at once in love and debt ?

“No ! to regions immaterial,
Far from want and woe, I’ll fly ;
Thus I rush to realms ærial—
All below is all my eye ! ”

Wild he spake, his ringlets tearing,
Swift as tigers on their prey
To the margin rushed, despairing—
Blew his nose, and walked away !

The Resolution ;

OR, AN ADIEU TO THE COUNTRY.

O I'll be off ! I will by Jove !
No more by purling streams I'll ramble,
Through dirty lanes no longer rove,
Bemired and scratch'd by briar and bramble.

I'll fly the pigstye for the parks,
And Jack and Tom and Ned and Billy
I'll quit for more enlightened sparks,
And Romney Marsh for Piccadilly.

Adieu, ye woods ! adieu, ye groves !
Ye waggon-horses, ploughs, and harrows !
Ye capering lambs ! ye cooing doves !
Adieu, ye nightingales and sparrows !

Adieu, ye nasty little boys,
So sweetly in the puddles playing !
Adieu, adieu, the cheerful noise
Of grunting pigs and asses braying !

O, I'll begone ! at once farewell
 To gooseberry wine, and pear, and codling !
Farewell the sheep's harmonious bell !
 Farewell the gander's graceful waddling !
Farewell the compost's sweet perfume !
 Farewell rum-punch, nectareous liquor !
Farewell the pimples that illumine
 The noses of the squire and vicar !
Adieu my pipe ! not that of old
 By swains Arcadian tuned so gaily,
But that of modern frame and mould
 Invented by Sir Walter Raleigh.
And I'll renounce my dog and gun,
 And " bob " no more for eels in ditches ;
The huntsman, horn, and hounds I'll shun,
 And I'll cashier my leather breeches !
For me the fox may prowl secure,
 The partridge unmolested fly,
Whist, loo, and cribbage I abjure,
 And e'en backgammon's lures defy.
At country " hops," at county balls,
 At christening treats no more I'll be !
No more I'll pay my morning calls,
 Nor with old ladies take my tea !

Adieu the vestry and the bench,
The rate and justice's approval,
The overseer, refract'ry wench,
Appeal, and order of removal.

The fair, its gingerbread and toys,
Rough roads, deep ruts, and boist'rous weather,
Ye scenes of bliss, ye rural joys,
Adieu ! and, Bless ye, altogether !

Encomium Irregular.

OF all the joys that sweeten life,
The joy that charms me most,
Is to sit at one's ease,
With the fire at one's knees,
And read the Morning Post.
And hark ! two taps—'tis the postman raps !
Away, away, away !
Bring the muffins and the urn
And the rest of the *concern*,
With the milk, eggs, and sugar, on the tray ;
Oh ! brightly burns the fire as the paper thus I roast,
Like me, eager to devour the steaming Morning Post !

What's here ?—Oh dear !

“ A certain Noble Peer
Fought a duel with Sir John and was wounded in the
rear.”

“ The match 'twixt Mr. Hayne
And Miss Foote is off again,
And Col. B. has thrashed a man and put him in great
pain.”

—“ Effect of Catholic zeal,
Last Sunday Mr. Shiel,
Ate an Orangeman for breakfast, with all the pips and
peel ! ! ”

Oh horrible ! Oh shocking ! Oh how lucky 'tis we
boast,
Such an orthodox defender in the Morning Post.

“ Ever charming, ever new,
When will the paper tire the view ? ”
“ On Monday Mrs. Coutts's plate
Was removed to Piccadilly—
And a hundred rats, for want of cats,
Were devoured by Cribb's dog Billy.
On Tuesday, Lady Mary
Gave a gala at ' the Dairy,'
And Miss Laroche, her maid, a *fête champêtre* in the
are.’ ”

Then we've "LINES"—"Poor little Fly !
In my tea-cup here you lie !
You tumbled in and drowned yourself because you
were so dry !"
Oh charming ! How pathetic ! Neither Hamlet nor his
Ghost
Can raise the tear of sympathy like the tender Morning
Post.

"The world of fashion's wond'rous hot
For Michael Kelly's life ;—"
"A noble Lord (an *excellent shot*)
Has *gone off* with a Commoner's wife."
"The King, at Drury Lane,
Has heard Der Freischutz o'er again,
And Elliston has made a speech, and spoke it pretty plain !"
"Last week a poor woman was brought to bed,
And hundreds have been to view her,
For her baby was born with a pin in its head,
And its arm sewn up with a needle and thread ;
And its lips fastened down with a skewer."
How delightful to sit thus and read what the news is,
And what wonderful creatures Dame Nature produces !
So I take a sip of tea and a little piece of toast,
And sigh to think how near I'm through the charming
Morning Post.

The Victim of Sensibility.

WHY mourns my Eugene? In his dark eye of blue
Why trembles the tear drop to sympathy due?

Ah! why must a bosom so pure and refin'd
Thus vibrate, all nerve, at the woes of mankind?

Yet dear are the drops by Philanthropy shed
O'er the victim of Sorrow's unfortunate head,
Nor beams there a gem with a ray so divine
As the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine.

Say, friend of my soul, then, what story of woe,
Thus bids the soft streams of humanity flow;
Oh! give thy Lorenzo thy sorrows to share,
And together we'll mourn for the child of despair.

Like a sunbeam the clouds of the tempest between,
A smile lights the eye of the pensive Eugene;
And thus in soft accents the mourner replies,
"Hang your mustard! it brings the tears into my eyes."

The Poplar.

AY, here stands the Poplar, so tall and so stately,
On whose tender rind—'twas a little one then—
We carved *her* initials; though not very lately,
We think in the year eighteen hundred and ten.

Yes, here is the G which proclaim'd Georgiana ;
Our heart's empress then ; see, 'tis grown all askew ;
And it's not without grief we perforce entertain a
Conviction, it now looks much more like a Q.

This should be the great D, too, that once stood for Dobbin,
Her loved patronymic—ah ! can it be so ?
Its once fair proportions, time, too, has been robbing ;
A D ?—we'll be *Deed* if it isn't an O !

Alas ! how the soul sentimental it vexes,
That thus on our labours stern *Chronos* should frown ;
Should change our soft liquids to izzards and X es,
And turn true-love's alphabet all upside down !

Charades.

I.

MY first on a schoolboy your bounty bestows,
Though 'tis commonly seen at the end of his nose ;
My second you'll say, when my whole you explore,
Which once upon two legs walked proud at Mysore ;
Now in town, less majestic, it capers on four.

Ans. Tippoo, an Italian greyhound.

II.

Go, if my first you'd seek aright,
And find her in yon dark-blue sky,
With many a starry gem bedight,
In sweet but mournful majesty.

If on some dark and dismal shore,
Through clouds and gloom your footsteps stray,
My second of my first implore,
To guide thee on thy dreary way.

And if, perchance, you'd find my whole,
See where it sleeps in soft repose,
And to the contemplative soul
A thousand nameless charms bestows !

Ans. Moonlight.

III.

I can tip you my first, I can tell you my second,
For Fire and for Physic most famous I'm reckoned ;
Of my name any more are you anxious to know ?
You will find it consists of a word and a blow.

Ans. Wakley, the Coroner.

Enigma.

TO be called by my name you would highly disdain,
Though with titles of honour I rank in the list;
By law and by custom I single remain,
Though unless I am double I cannot exist.

Ans. A Fellow.

The Rival Josephs.

That all Joes have not the alertness, mental and bodily, of our friends Joe Hume and Joe Grimaldi, we lament; "'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." In fact, each of these worthies may be considered a sort of "Double-Joe," uniting in himself the activity and talents of any two ordinary Josephs. The following *Joe*-cular lines, written by a facetious gentleman, now no more, in the interval of ringing a bell and the servant making his appearance, exhibit a pleasing specimen of a Joe of a different class.

WOULD you see a man that's slow,
Come and see our footman Joe,
Most unlike the bounding roe,
Or an arrow from a bow,
Or the flight direct of crow,
Is the pace of footman Joe.

Snails, contemptuous as they go,
In their motions outrun Joe,
Crabs that hobble to and fro,
Look behind and laugh at Joe,
An acre many a man could mow,
Ere across it creepeth Joe.
Danube, Severn, Trent, and Po,
Backward to their source might flow,
Ere dispatch be made by Joe.
Letters to a Plenipo,
Send not by our footman Joe.
Would you Job's full merit know,
Ring the bell, and wait for Joe.
Is your purse or credit low,
Let your debts be paid by Joe ;
Legal process none can show,
If your lawyers move like Joe.

EPITAPH.

Death, at last, our common foe,
Must trip up the heels of Joe,
And a stone shall tell below
How, scarce changed, sleepeth Joe :
For when the final trump shall blow,
'The last that comes will still be Joe.

Versez,

*Supposed to be Written by Alexander "Kitchener," in the
Desolate Island of "Porridge, in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields."*

I AM partial to table and tray,
My taste there is none can dispute,
Ragout, fricandeau, entremet,
I'm a judge of fish, flesh, fowl, and fruit ;
Oh, Wilberforce, where is the charm
You and Butterworth find in a grace ?
Unless I've my turbot quite warm,
Better dine on a horrible plaice !

O'er the rich smoking viands to preach,
Should be left for your love-feasts alone ;
So books on good eating still teach,
In particular, *vide* my own ;
But your thorough-bred saints, it is plain,
Cooling soup with indifference see,
Let the sparkles subside from Champagne—
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Ye haunches of fat buck or doe,
In kindness bestow'd upon men,
Could I drive this curs'd gout from my toe,
How soon I'd attack you again !
My palate I then might regale
On a white or a brown fricassee ;
Dispatch a hen-pheasant or quail,
Or a basin of dear Callipee.

Callipee ! oh, what pleasure untold
Resides in that rapturous word ;
More than Sybarite banquets of old,
Or the modern *cuisine* can afford !
But the sound of the sweet dinner bell
At this moment excites but my spleen ;
For no more, with its once pleasing knell,
It announces the smoking tureen.

Ye Doctors, who're making your sport,
At each twinge which compels me to roar ;
In pity convey some report
Of the taverns I visit no more !
Mr. Cuff, does he now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
Oh, say Mr. Kay is my friend,
Though the Albion no longer I see.

How sweet is a turkey and chine !
Ah, who from a dory could fly ?
A carp stewed in port, how divine !
How enchanting a perigord pie !
When I think on a sweetbread ragout,
In a transport I start from my chair,
But the sight of my flannels and shoe
Soon hurries me back to despair.

Come, wheel me away to my nest,
There let me in dreams yet partake
Of those dainties, the choicest and best,
Which fly me, alas ! when awake ;
A flask near my pillow, too, place,
Since old Sherry (Madeira's now out)
Is considered not bad for my case,
And half reconciles me to the Gout.

The Relic ;

OR, THE ANTIQUARY AND THE PATRIOT.

A CANTERBURY TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

THIS story owes its origin to the exuberant loyalty of a certain Justice Jacks, an inhabitant of Lowestoft. When George II., in the course of one of his voyages from Germany, was driven by stress of weather on the coast of Suffolk, he landed and slept a night under the roof of the delighted Justice. This event is still (1818) recorded by an inscription on the mantel-piece in the room occupied by the Monarch ; while the "curiosity" which forms the subject of the poem, properly labelled, long after made a conspicuous figure in Mr. Jacks's museum. At his death it descended with the rest of his collection of rarities to his daughters, two maiden ladies, in whose possession it was seen by the gentleman (the Rev. — Warburton, rector of Lydd) from whom I had the anecdote. R. H. B.

CANTO I.

'TIS sweet to some, Lucretius used to say,
To sit on the Marine Parade at Brighton,
And gaze upon the sea some stormy day
When from the Steyne the beaux huge rain-drops frighten,
To hear the thunder roll, and see it lighten
Round the toss'd vessels labouring in the bay ;
And, as their masts appear to bore the sky there,
Cry " Ah, poor devils ! rather you than I there."

Some folks there are who round Hyde Park to rattle
With glowing wheels think mighty pretty sport,
Some—Wellington for one—enjoy a battle,
Others prefer a minuet at Court ;
Some, like the great 'Squire Coke, delight in cattle,
Ploughs, Porkers, and Merino Wool—in short
Tastes vary, which may elsewhere well be seen, as
In Horace, book i. ode 1, "To Mecænas."

All have their hobbies then, and who dare chide 'em
If some than others take a wider scope,
And, when they once are fairly mounted, ride 'em
What Geoff : Gambado calls *au grand Galop* ?
(O'Connell and Dick Shiel, we can't abide 'em,
Last summer made a pony of the Pope ;
This in *parenthesis*) meanwhile few carry on
A trot more briskly than your Antiquarian—

Your genuine rubbish-hunter, one who'll lecture
An hour by the clock on some old pot or pan,
Proving its lid the absolute shield of Hector,
Gog, Fin M'Coul, or some such mighty man ;
Of Roman coins (so called), a great Collector,
With porcelain demi-devils from Japan,
A porer o'er each old (or new) inscription,
Coptic or Cockney, Runic or Egyptian.

And such a one fond memory now recalls,
The plain brown *bob* and *specs* with shagreen cases,
The ample vest, the ginger-colour'd *smalls*
That scorn'd the adventitious aid of braces;
The massive buckle which each foot enthrals
In sober radiance, a bright *oasis*
On the dark desert of the well-black'd shoe;
(A metaphor, we fear, not over new).

Yes, such a one there was—mind *was*, not *is*;
'Tis good to be particular in tenses,
Since to be hinted at as Bore or Quiz
To many matter of most grave offence is,
Producing great contortions of the phiz,
And disavowals are esteem'd pretences;
'Tis best the Present therefore to eschew,
And use the Perfect or the Preter-plu.

So we'll say *was*—and 'twas his joy to seek
(Passion, I might say, 'twas in him so furious,) Things rare and precious, modern or antique;
And, though in other matters most penurious,
He'd rather far go dinnerless a week
Than fail to appropriate ought he fancied curious
In earth, or sea, or air—no matter what,
So it was old, and others had it not.

And, sooth to say, he had a choice collection
Of various ugly, odd, old-fashioned things,
Such as, when duly labelled for inspection,
Make *Virtuosi* happier far than kings,
Though void of meaning, order, or connection ;
One can't tell how or whence their value springs,
Whether intrinsic, or from some relation
Extraneous, which Locke calls Association ;

Such as a Handkerchief of Charles the Martyr's,
A piece of Pig-tail chew'd by Captain Cook ;
An idol worshipp'd by the Calmuc Tartars,
A Gong, and an Arcadian Shepherd's Crook ;
King David's Tuning-hammer, Nell Gwyn's Garters,
With here and there some queer black-letter Book ;
The *Editio princeps* of Tom Sternhold's Psalter,
Guy Vaux's Lanthorn, and Jack Thurtell's Halter.

Here, stiff and stuff 'd, appear two full-grown Gulls,
A group of cock-tail'd kittens and their mother,
A Chinese Joss, a pair of Scottish Mulls,
Used by King Malcom Canmore and his brother ;
Lord Russell's Breeches, one of Cromwell's Skulls,
(Oxford and Naseby each can boast another,
We've seen them, Reader, and 'twill pose you, when you
in-
Spect them, to say which of the three's most genuine).

Some local specimens were also there,
 The spoils of many a neighbouring monument ;
 A piece of granite, chipt from off the chair
 In which they whilom crown'd the Kings of Kent,
 A stone from Becket's shrine, a fragment rent
 From the proud surcoat, which sublime in air
 Waves o'er Black Edward's tomb, the very dress he
 Skewer'd certain French in on the Field of Cressy.

These the Cathedral furnish'd, while of date
 More modern there were some, as lately hinted,
 A Mustard-pot of George the Third's, a Plate
 With coronet and crest thereon imprinted,
 Used by Lord North when Minister of State ;
 The glass through which John Wilkes, the Patriot,
 squinted,

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

More recent still, a Linch-pin from the Gig
 By Hunt and Probert driv'n to Gills Hill Lane,
 A tail from Harry Brougham's forensic wig,
 A thimble used by Ferdinand of Spain ;
 Also the *Os coccygis* of Tom Paine,
 Which Cobbett at New York contriv'd to dig ;
 A relic of Napoleon too, I mean a
 Button O'Meara brought from St. Helena.

From these few last memorials one might guess
That Mister Jones (his name), with all his priggery,
Was Radically giv'n ; I must confess
He had acquired a trifling spice of Whiggery,
And once (long since) concocted an Address,
Which, fully bent on cutting no small figure, he
Had stuffed with "Injured Queen," "heart-rending woe,"
And *quantum sufficit* of "Unsunnd Snow."

Of course he ever felt a great regard
For patriotism and patriotic men,
He almost worshipp'd them, and thought it hard
They were so scarce ; five miles, or even ten,
He'd walk at any time, so his reward
Might be to see a patriot—fancy then
His joy one day, when some kind neighbour went
And told him JOSEPH was come into Kent.

Who has not heard of Joseph ? not the lad
Who some four thousand years ago at Cairo
Drove Mrs. Potiphar exceeding mad,
And afterwards was Premier to King Pharaoh ;
Nor he whose works in folio my grand-dad
Priz'd far 'bove those of Flaccus or of Maro,
Josephus, of the self-same name and nation,
(Till he abjured them both to please Vespasian).

Who has not heard of Joseph ? here 'tis plain
I do not speak of Buonaparte's brother,
Whom Wellington sent packing out of Spain,
Nor him at Long's once lock'd up by his mother,
Miss Foote's pea-green pretender, Joseph Hayne,
Nor Joe Grimaldi, sire or son—another
And greater far I mean, him whom in France
They'd call THE Joseph, THE *par excellence*.

He was forsooth a great Arithmetician,
Had all the Ready Reckoner at command,
And, having been a sort of Sub-Physician,
Now came to test the water of the Land,
Which he pronounced in a most vile condition,
So bad in fact 'twas clear things could not stand ;
The *antipous* of Leibnitz, still his song
Ran ever thus, " Whatever is is wrong."

O Politics, sublimest Recreation,—

In faith I must apostrophise ye here !
' Without ye what were man ? what conversation
Could e'er subsist o'er Port, Gin-twist, or Beer,
(According to the tippler's taste and station) ?
Without your aid useless the human ear ;
Without it useless too the human tongue—
One can't discuss the weather all day long.

O Politics ! without ye many a warm man
 (In City phrase we speak), had wanted bread,
Through every age since first the Conqu'ring Norman
 Shot Harold (not the Pilgrim) through the head :
What were O'Shiel, O'Connell, and O'Gorman,
 And the other O.'s who make ye now a trade,
Without ye ?—Cobbett with his corn so boasted ?
Or Hunt with his—one raw, the other roasted ?

O Politics !—but gently Madame Muse,
 Your Pegasus has a vile trick of bolting ;
'Tis bad, indeed it is, this breaking loose,
 Digressions are in general revolting ;
But always when one's looking after news,
 So pull your curb up sharp, Ma'am, rein your colt in,
And turn his head to Wright's Hotel, the Fountain,
Where you'll find Jones, and Joseph just dismounting.

CANTO II.

Kent in the Commentaries Cæsar writ
 Is call'd the civilest place in all the Isle,
And Jones resolved it should not lose a whit
 Of character through him ; his civilest smile,

His very civillest bow and all his wit,
He brought to greet the patriot without guile,
And cried while making a profound salam,
“ You’re the Great Patriot, Sir ? ”—Quoth Joe, “ I am.”

“ Your worship is right welcome into Kent ! ”
Said Jones, and now again he bow’d his back,
“ We’ve few like you ” (once more his body bent,
“ Fame like the wind ” (his ‘ Gingers ’ gave a crack,)
“ Resistless when it once hath found a vent,
Hath far and wide blown your great reputation
For counting, casting up, and calculation ;

“ Sir, I do reverence a man of *nous*,
A Patriot I do love, alive or dead ;
And, if you’ll deign to visit my poor house,
I will essay to furnish forth a ‘ spread ’
Fit for a Scotchman—there’s a brace of grouse,
Some cocky-leeky, and a sing’d sheep’s-head ;
I fear a pudding boiled in a bag is
A sorry substitution for a haggis.”

Jones paus’d and bowed once more—the pawkie Scot
Knew well “ a pin a day’s a groat a year,”
And that “ a dinner sav’d ’s a dinner got,”
Then his mouth watered at the dainty cheer.

Yes, dainty, reader, though you like it not,
Nor I—but Joseph doth—besides 'tis clear
That, though in Magna Charta he delights,
He somehow can't endure a Bill of Wright's.

Not with more pleasure therefore he, for pith
And piety alike renown'd o'er all,
Penzance's Pride, the Reverend Boatswain Smith,
Hears to a "Love Feast," an "harmonious call";
Not with more pleasure Sisters Fry and Frith
Enraptured listen to his holy drawl,
Than Joseph lent an ear to this kind proffer,
At once embracing Jones and Jones's offer.

In vain the waiter, with imploring face,
Exhibits his long chronicle of stews,
His fish from turbot down to humble plaice,
His roast and boil'd, fricandeaux and ragouts,
All the varieties o' the feather'd race,
Goose, spring-chick, duckling—Joseph doth refuse;
"I'll thank you, Sir"—these were his sole commands—
"To get some water just to wash my hands."

Your Scottish toilette's no such long affair,
But much like that of Ponto, Don, or Rover,
A shake, a wipe, five fingers through the hair
(If any hair there be), and all is over;

Dress too's so much beneath a patriot's care

That Joseph soon was ready to break cover,
So, taking Jones's arm, the pair withdrew,
Sam * and his waiter looking rather blue.

"Heaven sends us meat" (thus ancient proverbs go),
"The devil sends cooks," they add, and quite as truly,
If Scotland be design'd the place *in quo*,

And Janet, Jones's "help," had come but newly
To Christendom direct from "Edinbro";

Of course that day the genial banquet duly
With "crowdy," "collops," "haggis," was supplied,
And Heaven knows how much nastiness beside.

Now fancy, gentle reader, dinner done,

Fancy the filth remov'd, and all the dwelling,
Like ropes of rotten onions in the sun,

Of these most "villainous rank compounds" smelling.
Fancy the whisky-toddy just begun—

And Jones in ecstasy while Joseph's telling
The abuses he intends to "sweep away,"
And all the good he means to do—some day.

* Samuel Wright, Esq., the worthy host of an excellent tavern, where you are sure of good entertainment "whether you are a man or a horse." He is, we believe, the *natu maximus* of a triumvirate of brothers who for many years past

"Each in a separate Kentish town
Have kept the Ship, the Fountain, and the Crown!"

“First, I’ll re-organize the Church—that’s flat—
Confiscate her revenues to the nation ;
Instead of tythe and offering and all that,
As soon as he has finished his oration,
The clerk shall carry round the parson’s hat,
Collecting halfpence from the congregation,
And in the open air—no church or steeple—
’Twill make him more respected by the people.

“Then for the Bench—old proverbs still declare,
As they’ve been handed down to us by our mothers,
‘Each man’s the best judge of his own affair ;’
And what then can he want with any others ?
So we’ll get rid of all the ‘learned brothers,’
And all their superfluity of hair ;
Coifs, gowns, and robes—in fact, despite of Guelph,
I mean to do away with Law itself.

“Think what a saving there will be in wigs—
Buz, bush, and bird’s nest, such as Parr’s and Paley’s,
Those too in which the lawyers ‘queer the grigs,’
Fine full forensic ones ‘wi’ sma’ wee tailies,’
‘The family’ will merry be as grigs
Freed from all fear of Park and *both* the Old Baileys ;
All powerless then to ‘Brixtonise’ or gibbet ’em,
While every man may live—and thief *ad libitum*.

"Then as to Greece"—the Patriot stops because
He sees his host has dropt into a doze
Tranquilly sound, an inference which he draws
From the deep respirations of his nose ;
At once he brings abruptly to a close
His lengthy lecture upon wigs and laws—
Then transfers to his pocket, without any stir,
Some dozen lumps of sugar from the canister.

That done, indignant at the slight thus shown
Unto his oratorical display,
Just as he was proceeding to make known
(A fact we don't get hold of every day)
The best mode of expending a Greek loan—
He snatches up his hat and walks away :
Telling the curtseying Janet, as he past her
In the hall, "by no means to disturb her master."

Nor was it till some half-hour had gone by,
That Jones, who had been dreaming of the devil,
Woke in a fright ; but when he cast his eye
On Joseph's chair, presentiment of evil,
Flash'd on his mind, he felt how "d—d uncivil"
A quiet snooze seems to a sitter by ;
Then too his friend's retreat had spoil'd his plan,
"Janet !" he roars, "why where's the gentleman ?"

And when he found that he was gone indeed,
Without one "frail memorial" left behind;
Away he trotted at his utmost speed
Back to the Fountain, much disturbed in mind
That after all he should so ill succeed,
Nor bear away a relic of some kind
From this the pink of patriot perfection,
To add unto his "rich and rare" collection.

An autograph, a glove, a pinch of snuff,
Or any little thing by way of sample;
His very shoe-string had been quite enough,
His cotton pocket-handkerchief most ample,
Or some more trifling article, for example,
The pins he found and stuck upon his cuff.
But he has pass'd—a vision of the night,
A meteor gleam, as transient and as bright.

Joseph, by this, had got half way to Dover,
So all that Jones can do's to catechise
The chambermaid and waiters, to discover
If he had left aught which might be a prize.
A shilling, given to either one or t'other,
Identified, were precious in his eyes.
Alas! he had only given a nod to Sam,
To chambermaid a kiss, to "boots" a d—n.

Alas for Jones! Now doth he fret and fume!

When Betty, chambermaid, at length bethought her,
 "Perhaps there's something in the dressing-room?"

Fixed at the thought, around the neck he caught her;
 Then rush'd and saw to dissipate his gloom,

Where stood a trifling modicum of water,
 The name in which, so Betty doth insist,
 The Patriot had lately wash'd his fist.

Oh! not such rapture, Mister St. John Long

Feels when he grasps a patient's glittering fee,

Oh! scarce more rapture, Paton, queen of song,

Pouring the full tide of her harmony,

Darts through each breast amidst the listening throng,

Than Jones experienced, as in ecstasy

He sprang upon the fluid, seized the *tottle*,

And cork'd it up securely in a bottle.

And there, a label duly fixed upon it,

It stands his richest gem; and daily press

Sage antiquaries round to gaze and con it,

And Mister Ellis that great A. S. S.

Hath promised to write a paper on it.

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POLITICAL SKITS, PARODIES, ETC.

Waddington's Name.

TUNE—" *While History's Muse.*"

WHILE Johnny Gale Jones the memorial was
keeping

Of penny subscriptions from traitors and thieves,
Hard by, at his elbow, sly Watson stood peeping,
And counting the sums at the end of the leaves.

But, oh ! what a grin on his visage shone brightly,
When, after perusing whole pages of shame,

'Midst his *soi disant* betters,

In vilely-formed letters,

The Doctor beheld little Waddington's name !

" Hail, imp of sedition ! " he cried, while he nodded

His head, and the spectacles drew from his eyes ;

" Magnanimous pigmy ! Since Carlile's been quodded,

We wanted some shopman, about of your size !

For though many we've had, yet unblest'd was their lot,
When Murray and Sharpe with the constable came,
And for want of good bail
They were sent off to jail,
And the *mittimus* signed with an alderman's name.

Then come, the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The greatest, the grandest that thou hast yet known ;
Though proud was thy task my placard board sustaining,
Still prouder to utter placards of thine own !
High perched on that counter where Carlile once stood,*
Issue torments of blasphemy, treason, and shame,
While snug in your box,
Well secured with two locks,
We'll defy them to get little Waddington's name.

* "Little Waddington," as he was called, was employed during the imprisonment of Carlile, the infidel publisher, to conduct the sale of seditious works at the latter's shop in Fleet Street. He sat concealed behind a sliding panel, through which the money was paid, when the book required was dropped down from a room above. Waddington was tried, in 1820, for sedition, and acquitted. The above parody was, by an error of the editor, included in the "Remains of Theodore Hook."

My Adieu to a "Man of Sense."

A PARODY.

[This parody relates to the Duke of Wellington's abrupt dismissal of Mr. Huskisson from the Ministry in 1828.]

FARE thee well ! and since for ever,
 Why, for ever fare thee well !
Though relenting now—thou never
 'Gainst me shalt again rebel.

Why, not, HUSKY ! look before thee,
 Ere the fatal leap was ta'en,
When that sulky fit came o'er thee ?
 Place thou ne'er shalt fill again !

Though the Whigs for this commend thee,
 As thy lengthen'd face they view,
Even praises must offend thee,
 Coming from so base a crew.

Why not check thy fond presumption,
 While retreat I'd yet allow ;
"HUSKISSON's a man of *gumption*,
 Let him truckle—he knows how."

Should some other Sub resemble,
Let him, too, remember thee ;
And from thy example, tremble
At the thought of bullying me.

GRANT and PALMERSTON, thou knowest,
DUDLEY, too, thou well may'st know,
Grumbled that thus out thou goest,
Therefore out with thee they go.

Yes, 'tis done—all words are idle,
Notes from thee are vainer still,
The contempt I cannot bridle
Makes its way against my will.

GET THEE GONE !—thus disunited,
Forc'd from every worthier tie ;
By TORIES scorn'd, by WHIGLINGS slighted,
Lower than this thou scarce canst lie.

ARTHUR.

The London University ;

OR, STINKOMALEE TRIUMPHANS.

*An Ode to be performed on the opening of the New College of
Grafton Street East.*

WHENE'ER with pitying eye I view,
Each operative sot in town,
I smile to think how wondrous few
Get drunk who study at the U-
niversity we've Got in town,
niversity we've Got in town.

What precious fools "The People" grew,
Their *Alma Mater* not in town ;
The "useful classes" hardly knew
Four was composed of two and two,
Until they learned it at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

But now they're taught by JOSEPH HU-
ME, by far the cleverest Scot in town,
Their *items* and their *tottles* too ;
Each may dissect his sister Sue,
From his instructions at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

Then LANSDOWNE comes, like him how few
Can caper and can trot in town,
In *pirouette* and *pas de deux*—
He beats the famed Monsieur Giroux,
And teaches dancing at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

And GILCHRIST, see, that great Gentoo-
Professor, has a lot in town
Of Cockney boys, who fag Hindoo,
And *larn Fem-nasties* at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

SAM ROGERS' corpse of vampire hue,
Comes from its grave to rot in town ;
For Bays the dead bard's crowned with Yew,
And chaunts the Pleasures of the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

FRANK JEFFREY, of the Scotch Review,—
Whom MOORE had nearly shot in town,
Now with his pamphlet stitched in blue
And yellow, d—ns the other two,
But lauds the ever-glorious U-
niversity we've Got in town.

Great BIRKBECK, king of chips and glue,
Who paper oft does blot in town,
From the Mechanics' Institution,
comes to prate of wedge and screw,
Lever and axle at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

Lord WAITHMAN, who long since withdrew
From Mansion-house to cot in town ;
Adorned with chair of ormolu,
All darkly grand, like Prince Le Boo,
Lectures on Free Trade at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

Fat FAVELL, with his coat of blue,
Who speeches makes so hot in town,
In rhetoric spells his lectures through,
And sounds the V for W,
The *vay* they speak it at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

Then HURCOMBE comes, who late at New-
gate-market, sweetest spot in town !
Instead of one clerk popped in two !
To make a place for his ne-phew,
Seeking another at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

There's Captain Ross, a traveller true,
 Has just presented, what in town-
 's an article of great *virtu*,
 (The telescope he once peep'd through,
 And 'spied an Esquimaux canoe
 On Croker Mountains), to the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

Since MICHAEL gives no roast nor stew,
 Where Whigs might eat and plot in town,
 And swill his port, and mischief brew—
 Poor CREEVY sips his water gru-
 el as the beadle of the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

There's JERRY BENTHAM and his crew,
 Names ne'er to be forgot in town,
 In swarms like Banquo's long is-sue—
 Turk, Papist, Infidel, and Jew,
 Come trooping on to join the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

To crown the whole with triple queue,—
 Another such there's not in town,
 Twitching his restless nose askew,
 Behold tremendous HARRY BROUGH-
 AM ! Law Professor at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.
 niversity we've Got in town.

Grand chorus :
Huzza ! huzza ! for HARRY BROUGH-
AM ! Law Professor at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

The Spots in the Sun.

"**L**ARGE SPOTS IN THE SUN"—How alarming the
state
Of the year eighteen hundred and twenty and eight—
'Tis awful to fancy, when all's said and done,
What mischiefs are caused by the "Spots in the Sun."

The COURIER declares that to those it was owing,
That we had in August such raining and blowing ;
While steam-engines, steam-boats, and Perkins's gun,
Combined to produce these strange "Spots in the Sun."

Whatever the cause, the effect is too clear,
We'd such very odd weather for that time of year :
Odd things have been ended, more odd things begun,
And all it would seem, through the "Spots in the Sun."

At Lisbon, where blockheads would make John Bull try
For the deuce can tell what, and the deuce can tell why,
A throne has been lost, and a crown has been won,
And all, it is said, through these "Spots in the Sun."

In Dublin with DICK and the rest of the gang,
 When some would be "unfriendly," others would hang,
 GEORGE DAWSON recites, just as SCHWENK has done,
 And shows what his friends think of — "Spot in the Sun."

When young PERCIVAL turned in the same way of
 thinking,
 Where was from the cause never once thought of shrink-
 ing;
 TOM RYAN declared — he's so fond of a pun! —
 That the Tories would call it a "Spot in the Sun."

At Stinkomalee there's confusion and bother,
 TOM CAMPBELL's new lecture makes way for another
 By MA'AMSELLE LE NORMAND, who now has begun
 To compose a whole course on the "Spots in the Sun."

But ah! rest not there, "Brightest star of the nation;"
 Call in thy professor of *Haerostation*,
 And send JEMMY GREEN,* as the TIMES says was
 done,
 Upon horseback, to scrub out the "Spots in the Sun."

* On the one hundredth ascent of Mr. Green, the aeronaut, he was
 reported by the 'Times' to have bestridden a favourite pony who accom-
 panied him. The fact was denied by the 'Morning Post.'

Greece.

[The three powers, Great Britain, Russia, and France, having determined to establish a kingdom of Greece, which should be entirely independent of Turkey, offered the crown in the first instance to John of Saxony, who declined it; then several candidates being passed over, its acceptance was pressed upon Prince Leopold. Upon this the Prince, who at one time had been eager enough for the prize, began to bargain, demanding that the island of Candia should be included in his dominions. However, on February 20, 1830, he definitely accepted the offer, and wrote to the Count Capo d'Istria, the President of the republic, to that effect. The Count, in his reply, represented the danger and difficulties the new monarch would have to encounter. Then came the illness of George IV., and it was thought that the prospect of eventually arriving at the Regency of England contributed not a little to the Prince's final abandonment of the crown of Greece. A good deal of dissatisfaction at this infirmity of purpose was expressed, particularly by those who attributed it to a design upon the government of this country. At all events, by Leopold's withdrawal the three powers were thrown into a state of considerable embarrassment, and it was not till after the assassination of Count Capo d'Istria and some months of civil war, that the difficulty was for the time settled by the selection of Otho of Bavaria.]

A KING for Greece!—a King for Greece!
—Wanted a “Sovereign Prince” for Greece!
For the recreant Knight
Hath broken his plight,

Some say from policy, some from fright,
Some say in hope to rule for his niece,
He hath refused to be King over Greece.

A King for Greece !—a King for Greece !
Where shall we find a King for Greece ?
 Score after score,
 A hundred and more,
Candidates crowd round the Treasury door,
From Athens, and Thebes, and the Peloponnese,
All of them eager to reign over Greece.

Big O exclaims “ Be the diadem mine !
I spring from chiefs of an ‘ iligant ’ line,
 The Mahonites swear
 If to stand I should dare
I shall ne’er again sit for the County of Clare.
Oh ! what will I do should Parliament cease ?
Oh ! make me the Sovereign Prince of Greece ! ”

Now naye, now naye, thou vagabond Dan,
In faith thou never mayst be the man,
 Thou’lt cringe, and cry,
 And bully, and lie,
Yet shrink from danger whene’er it comes nigh !

A Skulker in war, a Braggart in peace,
Thou never mayst be the Prince of Greece.

“ Oh ! I'll be King, and the Nation shall thrive,
And I'll make one halfpenny pass for five !

Subscribe ! Subscribe !

Ye Chaw-bacon tribe,

Give Peel and Wellington each a bribe ;

'Twill cost no more than a penny a-piece,

To buy Will. Cobbett the crown of Greece ! ”

Now spare, now spare, thou grey-headed sinner,
The poor-man's purse for the poor-man's dinner !

In vain thou'dst rob it,

To mob it, and job it,

Thou never mayst reign, thou wicked Will. Cobbett !

Traitor to all parties, all to fleece,

A Vampyre were better than thou for Greece.

“ Oh ! I'll be King !—oh ! I'll be King !

And the people for joy shall dance and sing.

For Lords shall mix

With Layers of Bricks,

And Chimney-sweeps ride in their coaches and six ;

Then shout, boys, shout, nor your clamouring cease

'Till Henry Hunt is the Monarch of Greece.”

—

•

—



1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl a) and *Chlorophyll b* (Chl b) are the primary photosynthetic pigments in green plants. They are responsible for capturing light energy and converting it into chemical energy through the process of photosynthesis. Chl a is the most abundant pigment, while Chl b is present in smaller amounts. Both pigments are found in the chloroplasts of green plants.

A King for Greece!—Oh, who may he be?—

“Ye’ll just gie the ‘Souveran Croon’ to me!

The Siller’s the thing

That maks a gude King;

To sic a fine pass the ‘revenue’ I’ll bring,

Ye’ll see the whole ‘tottle hoorly’ increase,

Gin ye’ll mak Joey the King o’ Greece!”

Now naye, now naye, thou pawkie auld Scot,

Thy knaverie is not so soon forgot,

Thy tricks in the Loan

Are far too well known,

Thou’dst “rob the Exchequer,” and call it thine own!

Now naye, friend Joey, ne’er think us such Greece

That a Fox like thee should be King over Greece.

Alas! for Greece!—Alas! for Greece!

We never shall find a fit King for Greece;

That Royal pair,

“Lance” and Chabert,*

Are both of them burning to blaze away there,

* Monsieur Chabert was a sort of conjurer, who, in addition to the title of Physician, claimed, like his royal predecessor the “Pontic Monarch,” immunity from the effects of poison. Unhappily for him

Now naye, now naye, thou vain Blacking-man,
Thou wert fitter by far to be King of Japan ;
 Thy Reps, and RapsCALLIONS,
 And TatterdemALLIONS,
With their whitey-brown hats and their pewter medal-
 lions,
Fit subjects they for the new Police,
They never shall make thee the King of Greece !

“ Now tell me the price ! now tell me the price !
Don't stand shilly-shally, nor be over-nice ;
 No matter how high,
 I'll buy, I'll buy !
Then who'll be so great or so grand as I ?
In my diamond tiara and ermined pelisse,
No longer a Duchess but Queen of Greece ! ”

Now naye, proud Duchess, now naye, now naye,
No Queen, but Quean, which is spelt with an a !
 Full shameful, I ween,
 It were in a Queen
To tippie Kürsch Wasser and proof Maraschin,
Now naye, now naye !—thy maudlin caprice
Shall never, O never, give law to Greece !

A King for Greece!—Oh, who may he be?—
“Ye’ll just gie the ‘Souveran Croon’ to me!
 The Siller’s the thing
 That maks a gude King;
To sic a fine pass the ‘revenue’ I’ll bring,
Ye’ll see the whole ‘tottle hoorly’ increase,
Gin ye’ll mak Joey the King o’ Greece!”

Now naye, now naye, thou pawkie auld Scot,
Thy knaverie is not so soon forgot,
 Thy tricks in the Loan
 Are far too well known,
Thou’dst “rob the Exchequer,” and call it thine own!
Now naye, friend Joey, ne’er think us such Geese
That a Fox like thee should be King over Greece.

Alas! for Greece!—Alas! for Greece!
We never shall find a fit King for Greece;
 That Royal pair,
 “Lance” and Chabert,*
Are both of them burning to blaze away there,

* Monsieur Chabert was a sort of conjurer, who, in addition to the title of Fire King, claimed, like his royal predecessor the “Pontic Monarch,” immunity from the effects of poison. Unhappily for him,

Like William and Mary on a half-crown piece,
With heads conjoined to reign over Greece.

That never may be !—That never may be !
Though Satan were joined to make Fire-Kings three ;
 No Quackified Gander,
 Nor red Salamander,
May sit where sat Macedon's Great Alexander :
Oh ! had we Sovereigns fiery as these
Who might *insure* the safety of Greece ?
Alas for Greece !—our hopes decrease—
We must look for a King among the Chinese !

There's Dombrowsky,
And Poniatowsky,
Soltikoffs twenty,
And Romanoffs plenty,
Mastuchiewitz, Tchitchagoff,
(Enough to give a witch a cough,)
Pole and Russ,
All making a fuss,

Mr. Wakley, the editor of the "Lancet," thought proper to take up the cudgels in the interests of science ; and very soon proved that a fire of his kindling and prussic acid of his preparing were not matters to be trifled with.

With Germans and Dutch,
The sceptre to clutch—
Van Rump, Van Frump,
Van Beest, and Van Trump!
There's Prince Esterhazy,
So rich and so lazy;
There's Prince Emilius,
Looking so bilious;
And Count Capo d'Istery,
Famous in History;
With Wirtemberg Paul,
And the Devil and all,
French, Swiss, Spanish, and Piedmontese,
All of them mad to reign over Greece!

Oh, Jupiter! Sire of Gods and Men,
To thine own Olympus return again!
Bring back Mercurius,
Thy son, though spurious,
And Phœbus, and Juno,
And Hebe, whom you know;
Sweet little Cupid,
Who strikes people stupid,
With Bacchus and Venus,
And Pan and Silenus,
And the rest, who at school used so much to chagrin us!

Restore, once more,
To thy Classical Shore
Her "bright golden Age" and her "Glories of Yore!"
(Two phrases I've borrowed from honest Tom Moore),
From fierce Seraskiers,
Whisker'd up to the ears;
From Slaves,
And Knaves,
And Fools,
And Tools,
Thine own fair realm at length release,
And send us a Patriot Prince for Greece!

La Belle Ordamis.

[DURING the excitement aroused by the Greek question in 1829, a sort of proclamation was issued at Lyons, on the part of the "Beauteous Amazon Ordamis of Arabia Felix," calling upon dames of every degree to join the Grand Naval Expedition, then preparing to set forth under her command. The ladies of Lyons—milliners, mantua-makers, pastrycooks, fishwomen, etc., etc., were summoned to aid in liberating their gentle sisters of Circassia, Georgia, and Greece from Turkish bonds. The arms, accoutrements and uniforms, all of most elegant pattern, of course, to be worn by the *Armée des Amazones Européennes* were fully described ; and the standard, which was to be a very superb one, was to exhibit the inscription *Sincérité, Cordialité, Magnanimité, Courage*. This strange composition, the only effect of which was to get the unlucky colporteur who distributed it into trouble, concluded with a *Romance à ce sujet*. Of this the following is a free translation.]

TUNE—" *March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,*"

MARCH, march, march away, pretty ones,
See where the road to distinction's before ye ;
March, march, country and city ones,
Follow the lass that will lead ye to glory.

On with the pretty coat—off with the petticoat,
Stays and tight-lacing no longer shall tease us ;
Cast away all clothes for jacket and small clothes,
And hey for a peep into Peloponnesus !
March, march, etc.

Come then, sweet damsels, all sorts and all sizes,
Maids, widows, wives, “ unequivocals,” come !
Think, only think, girls, how glorious the prize is ;
Up with the musket and follow the drum !
Equal in bustle men—down with the Mussulmen ;
Bound o’er the rock, o’er the precipice clamber.
O ! how delightful to get some great frightful
Bewhisker’d Grand Turk for a *valet de chambre* !
March, march, etc.

Then, little darlings, O, think when you’re arming,
While each lovely bosom is swelling with pride ;
The helm how becoming, the white plume how charming,
How charming the dear little sword by your side !
Teach these he-creatures, in spite of soft features
You have spirit enough soon to set them to rights ;
Handle your daggers well, talk loud and swagger well,
Just like Miss Love or Miss Graddon in tights.
March, march, etc.

And O, when at length your campaigning all over,
The Ottomites crush'd and enfranchis'd the Greeks,
Ye fly to the arms of some fond faithful lover,
And covered with glory get rid of the breeks.
The fame of Ordamis, or whatever her name is,
Shall live with your own still recorded in story,
While fathers cry "D— me, sons, think on the Amazons,
They were the girls for gallanting and glory ! "

March, march, then march away, pretty ones,
See where the road to distinction's before ye ;
March, march, merry, foolish, or witty ones,
Follow the lass that will lead you to glory.

A London Eclogue.

(SCENE—*A Saloon in Uxbridge House—Time, Noon—A breakfast-table set out—Café au lait, red herrings, Scotch marmalade, risser'd haddocks, anchovy toast, devil'd kidneys, best gunpowder, muffins buttered on both sides, etc.—Lord Anglesey discovered, solus, on a sofa, in a horizontal position, with his mouth full of muffin, reading the INTELLIGENCE;—his lordship's Sunday leg (a Cork one) stands near the fire on the opposite side of the room—A groom of the chambers announces "Mr. O'CONNELL."*—Enter DAN, hat in hand, bowing and scraping.)

DAN. Lord Anglesey, Lord Anglesey!—Good day,
my lord, good day!

I've just looked in, because I've got a word or two to say;
Jack Lawless told me yesterday, 'tis now beyond a doubt,
That you're made Lord-Lieutenant, and to-morrow you
set out!

LORD A. Dan O'Connell, Dan O'Connell! ragged
Jack has told you true;
I'm off by steam for Dublin, and so, I suppose, are you:
I'm off by steam for Dublin, Dan, and you'll be there
ere long,
And, Daniel, we'll be friends, my boy—but keep a civil
tongue!

DAN. Why, that's the thing, Lord Anglesey, I come
to speak of now ;
I'm going over, and I mane to make a precious row !
I'll make a precious row, my lord, and rason good you see,
Becase they've made ould Doherty a Judge instead of
me.
I mane to " agitate " the " Gem " as soon as I lave here,
And all the " Pisints " from the GIANT'S CAUSEWAY TO
CAPE CLEAR ;
I'll lave off whiskey, lave off wine, I'll lave off tay likewise,
And take to milk-and-wather, just to bother the Excise !
I'll have a run upon the banks——

LORD A. Now gently, Mister Dan ;
If you come here to bully me, you quite mistake your
man——

DAN. Oh ! no, my Lord, you misconsave the maning
of my call——

LORD A. Then why bare-headed do you come?—
or why d'ye come at all ?

DAN. Ah ! asy now, Lord Anglesey, I'll tell your-
self that thing ;
You ax'd me once to dine—maybe you'll do that same
next spring ;

And so I think it's fair to say, whatever I may do,
I hope you won't consave that it's meant personal to
you !

LORD A. Oh ! that's it, Daniel, is it ?—Now, attend
to what I say—

(sippeth coffee)

I mean to put rebellion down, assume what shape it
may—

(more muffin)

If I'm obliged to hang you, Dan, my duty I must do ;
But I beg you won't consider it as *personal to you* !

*The "Great Agitator" is greatly agitated—puts his hand nervously to his
stock—turns white, then red, then whitey-brown—hems—coughs—
sneezes—hesitates whether to be impudent, or brush—Spies the Sun-
day leg across the room.)*

THE LIBERATOR *(aside)*. (Ah ! sure he can't get
at me ; so I'll give him just a taste)

(aloud)—Is that the way ye'd sarve me, then, ye big
unnat'ral baste !

Ye're a Saxon—and a Welshman—and a LIAR, to the
fore !

Ye are, ye big desaver, ye——

*His Excellency pulleth up his work-a-day leg, a wooden one, from beneath
the cushion, and hurleth it, totis viribus, at Dan's head.)*

Oh, murther ! where's the door ?

(The LEG encountereth the HEAD, and DAN acknowledgeth the message with immediate prostration—The LORD LIEUTENANT putteth his best leg foremost, and hoppeth across to get hold of his Sunday one, in order to kick the intruder downstairs—Dan maketh a bolt, throweth open the door, and discovereth the grand staircase, JACK LAWLESS waiting at the bottom, inter alios flunkies—Dan is seen, like the Flying Dutchman, descending fifteen steps at a time.)

HIS EXCELLENCY (*from above*). John ! Thomas !
William ! Harry ! Peter !

HONEST JACK (*from below*). Ah ! now, what's the fun ?

THE LORD LIEUTENANT (*supra*).
Kick those confounded rascals—

DAN (*in mid air*). Run ! ye Devil's Darling, run !

(Tally ho ! a fine burst—Hark forward ! Dan dashes down the Burlington Arcade—Jack doubles, up Cork Street—the pack divides—"go it !"—Jack tumbles over an old applewoman, drops his new hat, which he had brought away from the Cider Cellar, by mistake, instead of his own old one ; hounds at fault—Jack slips through Saville Passage—Stole away ! Dan is run to earth by William, Harry, and Peter, at Truefit, the barber's ; Lord Uxbridge comes up, and whips off the dogs.)

(Grand Hunting Chorus.)

Hark ! how Vigo Lane, resounding,
Echoes to O'Connell's cry !
Hark ! how all the streets surrounding
To his trembling voice reply ! etc., etc.

(A recheat is winded, and the Curtain drops.)

The Mad Dog!!!

[In the summer of 1830 London was visited by one of its periodical panics. The subject this time was hydrophobia. Among others, the Bishop of London was said to have been bitten by a mad dog. Whether either one or the other died in consequence of the bite is not recorded, but it was certainly not the Bishop.]

MAD Dog!—Mad Dog!—
A horrid Mad Dog
Is running about the town,
And all take flight
To the left and the right
Wherever his nose is shown ;
For he barks, and he howls, and he snaps, and he yelps,
At the Dogs, and the Bitches, and all the little Whelps.

Still he keeps roaming,
Grinning, and foaming,
And Folks know not what to do,
For he runs as he goes,
And his eyes and his nose,
All are running too !
His eyes 'tis said,
Are "set in his head,"

Which makes them the more to quail ;
I own to me
More fearful 'twould be
If his eyes were set in his tail !

This fierce mad dog, this horrid mad dog,
Hath set both country and town agog ;
Some think 'tis the very Dog Star himself,
With his own heat grown delirious ;
Sam Rogers says " No,
It can never be so,
As he grins he can't be *Sirius*."
Everybody dreads abroad to stir
All out of fear of this terrible cur.

For he hath nibbled a power of folks,
Lords and Squires of high degree ;
The Rich and the Proud,
And the Vulgar crowd,
Lowly Peasant, or high born Dame,
Whoever he bites 'tis all the same,
All are gone mad as mad may be !

He hath bitten a Parliament man,
One Mister ———,

'Twas sad to see
The poor M.P.
When he began to rave ;
At once, 'tis said,
All memory fled,
He knew no more what he had done than the dead,
Lost all recollection
About his election,
And his Leicester friends diddled in high perfection ;
They'd bills by the score,
But stoutly he swore
He'd see them all d—d ere he paid any more.
Down to Hastings the Doctors agree
Mister —— must go and be dipt in the sea.
This dog hath bitten the Queen of Song,
Alack that it so should be !
“ Like sweet bells jangled out of tune ”
Is now all her melody.
She hath stooped from her airy height
Where she soared a peerless bird,
With kestrel kites and crows obscene
For evermore to herd.
Alack ! that one so fair and so bright,
Whom haply we deem'd a thing of light,
Should sink to a gulf so dark and so low ;
Alack, alack ! that it should be so !

He hath bitten a huge Tom Cat *
Of the genuine Yorkshire breed ;
Alack for " Pussy ! " alack ! alack !
How he cocks up his tail, how he sets up his
back,
He hath gone very mad indeed.—
In his amorous rage
He hath pounced on a cage,
And borne off the Linnet
That sang within it ;
Oh ne'er was such caterwauling heard
As when " Pussy " ran off with that favourite bird.

Run, neighbours, run—make no delay,
The Dog is snapping at all in his way ;
He hath laid hold
Of a warrior bold
Who served for glory and not for gold.
The Colonel hath doffed his sabre and plume,
He hath gone into the little Green-room,
He lectureth there
The frail and the fair ;
Good Lord ! how the Thespian heroines stare

* An allusion to the elopement of Miss Paton with Mr. Wood the singer.

To hear their Giovanni
Who wooed so many,
And never was constant a week to any,
With air demure and sanctified look,
Talking away like a printed book !
Some smil'd, some winked, and said with a grin,
“ 'Tis a new farce,—‘ The Devil rebuking sin.’ ”

This Dog hath bitten—Oh woe is me !—
A Market Gardener of high degree ; *
Imperial Peas
No longer please,
An Imperial Crown he burneth to seize !
Early Cucumbers, Windsor Beans,
Cabbages, Cauliflowers, Brocoli, Greens,
Gherkins to pickle, Apples to munch,
Radishes fine, five farthings a bunch,
Carrots red, and Turnips white,
Parsnips yellow no more delight,
He spurneth lettuces, onions, and leeks,
He would be Sovereign Prince of the Greeks ;
No more in a row,
A goodly show,
His Highness's carts to market go !

* The fruit and vegetables from Claremont were, it was said, duly consigned to a salesman of Covent Garden Market.

Yet still I heard Sam Rogers hint,
He hath no distaste to celery or mint ;
 A different whim
 Now seizeth him,
And Greece for his part may sink or may swim,
 For they cry that he
 Would Regent be,
And rule fair England from sea to sea ;
 Oh ! never was mortal man so mad,—
 Alack ! alack, for the Gardener-lad !

Oh horrible ! horrible ! worse and worse !
This Dog is an absolute national curse.
 That a cur should so presume !
To the Parliament House he hath forced his way,
No Serjeant-at-arms may keep him at bay,
 Poor Robert Quarme
 Flies in alarm,
 Rickman and Ley
 Are as frighten'd as he,
He hath bitten great Henry Brougham !
 'Twould quite amaze ye
 To see how crazy
This great man grew in his three-tailed jasey.
 “ Fools,” and “ Knaves,”
And “ Rogues,” and “ Slaves,”

“ Smatterers,” “ Chatterers,”

“ Sycophant Flatterers—”

Good Lord ! what names to the right and left
The “ puir bodie ” threw when of sense bereft ;
 Till up jumped Peel,
 And to cool his zeal
 Tipt him a mild “ persuader,”
 Beneath his frown
 At once sunk down
The poor demented upbraider.
At once, and why we may well divine,
He ceased to bark and began to whine,
Since that dose full well I trow
He hath not uttered one little “ Bow wow.”

Rejoice, Rejoice,
 With heart and with voice,
None now will be bitten except by choice,
 For Alderman Wood,
“ So Wise, and so Good,”
Hath brought in a bill to crush the whole brood.
 You may now lay hold of a mad-dog’s tail,
 And pull him backwards into a jail,
 And the Lord May’r, no doubt,
 Will never let him out
Unless he “ produce satisfactory bail ! ”

Rejoice, Rejoice,
With heart and with voice,
All the little Girls and all the little Boys !
Let all of us shout, and sing, and say
Huzza for Alderman Wood ! Huzza !

The Truants.

THREE little Demons have broken loose
From the National School below !
They are resolved to play truant to-day,
Their primer and slate they have cast away,
And away, and away they go !
“ Hey boys ! hey boys ! up go we !
Who so merry as we three ? ”

The reek of that most infernal pit,
Where sinful souls are stewing,
Rises so black that in viewing it,
A thousand to one but you'd ask with surprise,
As its murky columns met your eyes,
“ Pray is Old Nick a-brewing ? ”
Thither these three little Devils repair,
And mount by steam to the uppermost air.

They have got hold of a wandering star
That happen'd to come within hail.

O swiftly they glide!
As they merrily ride
All a cock-stride
Of that Comet's tail.

Oh, the pranks! Oh, the pranks!

The merry pranks, the mad pranks,

These wicked urchins play!

They kiss'd the Virgin and fill'd her with dread,

They popp'd the Scorpion into her bed;

They broke the pitcher of poor Aquarius,

They stole the arrows of Sagittarius,

And they skimm'd the Milky Way;

They fill'd the Scales with sulphur full,

They hallooed the Dog-Star on at the Bull,

And pleased themselves with the noise;

They set the Lion

On poor Orion,

They shaved all the hair

Off the Lesser Bear,

They kick'd the shins

Of the Gemini Twins—

Those heavenly Siamese Boys!

Never was such confusion and wrack,

As they produced in the Zodiac!

“Huzza! Huzza!
Away! Away!
Let us go down to the earth and play!
Now we go up, up, up,
Now we go down, down, down,
Now we go backwards and forwards,
Now we go roun', roun', roun'!”
Thus they gambol, and scramble, and tear,
Till at last they arrive at the nethermost air.

And pray now what were these Devilets called—
These three little Fiends so gay?
One was Cob!
Another was Mob!
The last and the least was young Chittabob!
Queer little Devils were they!
Cob was the strongest,
Mob was the wrongest,
Chittabob's tail was the finest and longest!
Three more frolicsome imps I ween,
Beelzebub's self hath seldom seen.

Over Mountain, over Fell,
Glassy Fountain, mossy Dell,
Rocky Island, barren Strand,
Over Ocean, over Land;

With frisk and bound, and squeaks and squalls,
Heels over head, and head over heels ;
With curlings and twistings, and twirls and wheeleries,
Down they drop at the gate of the Tuileries.

Courtiers were bowing and making legs,
While Charley le Roi was bolting eggs :
 “ Mob,” says Cob,
 “ Chittabob,” says Mob,
“ Come here, you young Devil, we’re in for a job ! ”
 Up jumps Cob to the Monarch’s ear,
 “ Charley, my jolly boy, never fear ;
 If you mind all their jaw
 About Charter and Law,
You might just as well still be the Count d’Artois !
 No such thing,
 Show ’em you’re King,
Tip ’em an Ordinance,* that’s the thing ! ”
 Charley dined,
 Took his pen and sign’d ;
Then Mob kick’d over his throne from behind !
“ Huzza ! Huzza ! we may scamper now !
For here we have kick’d up a jolly good row ! ”

* An allusion to the famous *ordonnances* of July, 1830, prohibiting the Reform banquet, which proved the immediate cause of the revolutionary outbreak.

“ Over the water and over the Sea,
And over the water with Charlie ; ”
Now they came skipping and grinning with glee,
Not pausing to chaff or to parley.

Over, over,
On to Dover ;
On fun intent
All through Kent

These mischievous devils so merrily went.

Over hill and over dale,
Sunken hollow, lofty ridge,
Frowning cliff, and smiling vale,
Down to the foot of Westminster Bridge.

“ Holloa,” says Cob,

“ There’s the Duke and Sir Bob !

After ’em Chittabob, after ’em Mob ; ”
Mob flung gravel, and Chittabob pebbles,
His Grace c——’d them both for a couple of rebels :

His feelings were hurt,
By the stones and the dirt—
In went he,
In an ecstasy,

And blew up the nobles of high degree.*

* It was on the 2nd of November, 1830, on the opening of the Session, that the Duke of Wellington, irritated by the violence of the mob, made the intemperate speech alluded to. He resigned on the 15th of the same month.

“ Mr. Brougham, Mr. Hume,
May fret and may fume—
And so may all you whom I see in this room :
Come weal, come woe, come calm, come storm—
I’ll see you all—*blest’d*—ere I give you Reform ! ”
“ Bravo,” says Chittabob, “ that’s your sort,
Come along, schoolfellows, here’s more sport.
Look there ! look there !
There’s the great Lord May’r !
With the gravest of deputies close to his chair ;
With Hobler, his Clerk—
Just the thing for a lark !
Huzzah ! huzzah ! boys, follow me now ;
Here we may kick up another good row.”
Here they are,
Swift as a star,
They shoot in mid air, over Temple Bar !
Zach. Macaulay* beheld the flight
Of these three little dusky sons of night,
And his heart swell’d with joy and elation—
“ Oh, see ! ” quoth he,
“ Those Niggerlings three,
Who have just got emancipation ! ”

* Zachary Macaulay, one of the most strenuous labourers of the company who toiled so hard for the abolition of slavery—the friend of Wilberforce and Simeon.

Lord Key* took fright :
At the very first sight,
The whole Court of Aldermen wheel'd to the right ;
Some ran from Chittabob—more from Mob,
The great *locum tenens*† jump'd up upon Cob,
Who roar'd and ran,
With the Alderman,
To the Home Office, pick-a-back—catch 'em who can.
“ Stay at home—here's a plot,
And I can't tell you what,
If you don't I'll be shot,
But you'll all go to pot.”
Ah ! little he ween'd while the ground he thus ran over,
'Twas a Cob he bestrode—not his white horse from
Hanover.

Back they came galloping through the Strand,
When Joseph Lancaster,‡ stick in hand,
Popp'd up his head before 'em.
Well we know
That honest old Joe
Is a sort of High Master down below,
And teaches the Imps decorum.

* Sir John Key, Lord Mayor.

† Sir Claudius Hunter, Colonel of the City Militia.

‡ The inventor of the method of mutual instruction in schools before Dr. Bell, though the system is usually named after the latter.

Satan had started him off in a crack,
To flog these three little runaways back.

Fear each assails ;
Every one quails ;
“ Oh dear ! how he'll tickle our little black tails !
Have done, have done,
Here's that son of a gun,
Old Joe come after us—run, boys, run.”
Off ran Cob,
Off ran Mob,
And off in a fright ran young Chittabob.
Joe caught Chittabob just by the tail,
And Cob by his crumpled horn ;
Bitterly then did these Imps bewail
That ever they were born !
Mob got away
But none to this day
Know exactly whither he went ;
Some say he's been seen about Blackfriars Bridge,
And some say he's down in Kent.
But where'er he may roam,
He has not ventured home
Since the day the three took wing,
And many suppose
He has changed his clothes,
And now goes by the name of “ Swing.”

Swing.

[On November 6th, 1830, Alderman Key, Mayor elect, warned the Duke of Wellington that a large number of desperate characters were about, and begged him not to permit the King and Queen to come, as had been arranged, to the Guildhall banquet without a strong military guard. The banquet was postponed in consequence of the supposed danger, which was thought to be connected with the agricultural disturbances in Kent and Sussex, known as the Swing riots ; the consternation in the City was extreme—some said that there was to be a fifth of November on the ninth ; some, that while their Majesties were dining, the gas-pipes were to be cut, Temple Bar blockaded, the Royal personages made prisoners, and London sacked. There was no nonsense that could not find belief on that fearful Monday. Consols fell three *per cent.* in an hour and a half ; careful citizens lined their shutters with iron plates, and laid in arms and ammunition in expectation of the sacking of London. Before the end of the week the most alarmed were laughing at the panic. — See *Martineau's History of England*, vol. ii. p. 18.]

SCENE.—*Exterior of Guildhall on the 9th of November*—CONSTABLES, CITY MARSHALS, WATCHMEN, FISHFAGS, *etc.*, *bivouacking in front*—SIR CLAUDIUS HUNTER *is seen through the doorway wringing his hands, and tearing the curling papers out of his hair.*

SWING! Swing!
'Tis a terrible thing
To get an epistle from Captain Swing!

Sir Claud has got one,
Now he's off like a gun,
"My Lord May'r! My Lord May'r, we're for ever
undone!
Here's a Plot! Here's a Plot!
My Lord May'r, I declare
The Devil knows what,
And the Devil knows where!
You run to the Duke, while I run to the King,
And show him my note from that terrible Swing!"

See he mounts his white horse,
And adown Charing Cross,
Ye Gods! how he goes,
With his knees to his nose,
His heels turning inwards, and outwards his toes!
"Sir Robert, come down,
They'll set fire to the town,
And burn my Lord May'r in his gold chain and gown
Tell the King, tell the King
To be sure not to bring
The Duke to Guildhall—he'll be swallow'd by Swing!"

Up jumps Sir Charles Flower,
"Fetch the Guards from the Tower,

Or that Swing all the 'wittles' will come and 'dewour,'
The 'Wen'son' and 'Weal,'
And the wild-ducks and teal,
How he'll gobble the turtle as though 'twas cow-heel.
Lack-a-daisy! Dear me!
My Lord Key! My Lord Key!
Who has seen my Lord May'r? where the d—l can he
be?
Beat the drums, blow the horns, and make all the bells
ring,
Here's a letter just come from that terrible Swing!"

Up jumps Mr. Hobler,
The Aldermen's cobbler,
Who mends each decision
In need of revision,
"Let me read, let me read!
Ay, here's treason indeed!
Oh! what shall we do? Oh! how shall we proceed?

"Fall in! Fall in!
Short and Tall, Fat and Thin,
We must all of us arm, so we'd better begin;
Fall in, *Prestissimo!*
Bravo! Bravissimo!
That's right, and now I'll be your *Generalissimo!*

Here's Alderman Wood,
 'So Wise and so Good,'
As stout a soldier as ever stood ;
 Here's gallant Farebrother,
 Just such another,
 With ex-Lord Mayor Crowder,
 None ever looked prouder ;
You may see by his head that he'll never spare powder ;
And here comes a man full of valour and pith,
Magnanimous Joshua Jonathan Smith !

 " Fall in three deep !
 Don't be playing bo-peep
 Behind there—d'ye hear—
 You M.P.'s in the rear ?
Lord Waithman and Thompson, what is it you fear ?
 Mr. Deputy Oldham,
 Do, pray, go and scold 'em,
And make 'em come here to the front, as I told 'em,
 Sir Peter, you're a Knight,
 And must know how to fight ;
Sir John Perring's the left, so you look to the right ;
 And lead on that bevy
 Of troops, light and heavy,
With your black-handled sword that you wore at the
 Levéé.

“ Here’s Wenables, Alderman Lucas, and Flower ;
Atkins lives out of town—he’ll be here in an hour ;
Why, aye, here’s a body-guard fit for a King,
We’ll tickle your toby, be sure, Mr. Swing ! ”

Here he comes, here’s Sir Claud ; how he rides and he
bawls ;

How he gallops through Fleet Street, and round by St.
Paul’s ;

Now he roars might and main,

“ You may go home again ;

Cease your fifing and drumming,

The King ain’t a-coming ! ”

So all the consarn, you perceive, ends a hum in.

Alack for the Nation !

Our grand preparation

Must all be “ deferred for another occasion.”

But the meat,

Who’s to eat

All we’ve dressed for the treat ?

What becomes of the scaffolding rais’d in the street ?

And where’s the five shillings I’ve paid for my seat ?

Do, Ex-Sheriff Kelly,

Just hand one a jelly ;

Sir Charles, as you're picking
The bones of that chicken,
Pray send me the gizzard, a leg, or a wing ;
'Tis a shame, so it is, and a scandalous thing,
To be balked of one's " wittles " in this way by Swing !

(The Bivouack breaks up in confusion—a rush towards the tables—general scramble—Sir Charles Flower has his fork at his mouth when a jog of the elbow pops it into his eye—Sir Claudius rides off on his white horse with a haunch of venison under his arm, and a hot lobster in each of his holsters—The Lord Mayor is tumbled into a tureen, and smothered—Mr. Figgins falls into a fricandeau, the Recorder into a fit, and Alderman Atkins into the fire—The Grand Glass Star comes down with a crash—Magoz is overturned on the heads of the Common Council—The Livery mount and dance a Mazourka on the high table—Crish—Crash—Dash—Smash.—The Curtain falls, amidst general uproar and confusion, as in the devilry scene of Der Freischutz.)

The Oath.

“An oath ! an oath ! I have an oath in heaven !”

“**B**LOOD on this hand !”—aye, not the generous
stream

Which shed, or spent, alike we glorious deem !

“Blood on this hand !”—aye, that ensanguined stain

Which damn'd to endless pangs the first-born Cain !

Thou talk of valour ! thou of honour's path !

Kicked into courage, cudgell'd by —— !

Thou talk of oaths, to thee an idle song,

Thou “everything by turns, and nothing long !”

Thou scorn of those that use thee for their ends !

Thou tool of those thou darest not call “thy friends !”

Thou, who canst calmly brook, and pass it by,

The sneer scarce hid, the half-averted eye !

Thou talk of honour ! Shame to man, to earth,

Shame to that generous land that gave thee birth !

Hence ! in some desert hide that hateful name,

The good abhor thee, and the bad disclaim !

The Distrest Laddie,

A New Song to an Old Tune, as lately Sung at St. Stephen's Chapel by the Right Hon. Lord Althorp, Primo Buffo, etc., etc., in the New Farce of "The Budget."

OH! where, and Oh! where is my tax on transfers
gone?

Oh! where, etc.

'Tis gone to pot at once, for the monied people frown,
And it's Oh! in my heart, they won't give me half-a-crown.

Suppose, and suppose that I lay it on the land!

Suppose, and suppose, etc.

There's Knatchbull swears that if I do, my Ministry
shan't stand,

And it's Oh! in my heart, I can't lay it on the land!

Oh! where, and Oh! where is my tax on sea-borne
coals?

Oh! where, etc.

The City people like it, but—will they take off their
tolls?

(Chorus of Citizens.)

"It's Oh! in our hearts, if we do, then bless our souls!"

Suppose, and suppose I take off the tax on glass !

Suppose, etc.

Hunt says 'twill do some little good, but Hume says I'm
an ass,

And it's Oh ! in my heart, it's just like that Scotchman's
saace !

Suppose, and suppose that I lay it on again !

Suppose, etc.

Why, then my grand professions will have all been made
in vain !

And it's Oh ! in my heart, how it puzzles my poor
brain !

The Hat ;

OR, THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

I N Anna's days the Moral Wight
Might say, " Whatever is, is right ; "
In these our times the Poet's song
Must be, " Whatever is, is *wrong*."
Old, Young, Grave, Gay, throughout the nation
The cry is still for alteration :

Change all our aim, and only jealous
To prove ourselves much wiser fellows
Than all who yet have gone before us,
“Change ! ” is the universal chorus.
There’s a tradition—shall I tell’t ?—
That Sam, who first invented felt,
And form’d that glorious thing, a Hat,
Wove all the brim on’t hanging flat,
And this at once secured his claim
To his soul’s dearest wish, a Name :
He died, and left his Hat so rare,
All round and flapp’d, to John his heir.

Now, John, a man both nice and wise,
Thought the brim dangling in his eyes
Plagued him, and baulked both bite and sup,
So with a pin cock’d one side up ;
The neighbouring gossips stand and chat,
“ What an improvement in the Hat ! ”
John died, and left his Hat so rare
Thus cockt up to Fitz-John his heir.

Fitz, though he view’d it with delight,
Thought there was something not quite right,
And in a trice, sagacious he,
Instead of one side, cocks up three ;

His genius all with rapture own
"Such talent ne'er before was known !
Fitz-John shall be renown'd in story,
A shining light—his Country's Glory !"
He went abroad, and gave his Hat,
Three-corner'd, to his cousin Pat.

Patrick admires his new *chapeau*,
Yet thinks it not quite *comme il faut* ;
"The colour's bad—now for some knack
To change it. Zounds ! I'll dye it black !"
"Oh, happy thought !" the people roar,
Who all saw farther than before ;
"White hats ? Pooh ! nonsense ! look at that,
Black—black's the colour for a Hat !"
Pat left, upon his dying bed,
His black Hat to his nephew Ned.

Edward exclaims, "Smart, I declare,
A little, though, the worse for wear.
Here in the crown 'tis brown and tann'd ;
I shall clap on a silken band."
No sooner seen, the applauding crew
Shout with delight, "The Hat's grown new !

What mortal underneath the sun
Can do more than this sage has done ? ”
Ned died, and left his Hat thus neater
Unto his cousin-german Peter.

Peter was pleased, but in the place
Of silk put on a broad gold lace ;
A cockade on one side he bore,
And on one side the Hat he wore.
The people see, with joy they shout,
“ ’Tis wisdom’s highest pitch, no doubt.
Him genius fires, and judgment rules ;
Compared to him the wise are fools.”
Peter bequeathed his Hat, when sick,
Belaced, cockaded, unto Dick.

Spare we to tell how Dick, the dandy,
At Operas thought it mighty handy
To squeeze the unlucky Hat together,
How George tried loop, and William feather.
Suffice it, that with all this rout,
The Hat in time was quite worn out ;
And when, bedockt and clipped, at last
The Hat had all these changes past,

'Twixt nephews, uncles, aunts, and nieces,
The poor old Hat got torn in pieces ;
While, to the love of change still wedded,
Its last possessor went bare-headed !

The fable has a moral, and, no doubt,
You all have *nous* enough to find it out.

The Old Woman's Cat.

THE old woman sat in her rush-bottom'd chair,
And she snorted and sniff'd with her nose in the
air ;

“ Dear me ! dear me !

What's this ? ” quoth she ;

“ Here's a very bad smell ; why, what can it be ?

I'll wager a hat

It's that horrid Tom cat

Has been on the rug, or the carpet, or mat ;

All this has been

From his being shut in.

Betty, go run for Carpenter Gore,

Make him cut a great hole by the sill of the door,

And the cat will get out and annoy us no more.”

Straight at the little old woman's command
Came Carpenter Gore with his saw in his hand,
And he saw'd and he chisel'd, and close by the floor
He cut a great hole by the sill of the door ;
And the little old woman began for to snore,

For now, without doubt,

As the cat could get out,

She conceived he would " never do so any more."

But when she awoke

She was ready to choke ;

Oh dear ! how she wheez'd

And snuff'd and sneez'd,

For the smell was a hundred times worse than before.

The old woman bann'd and the old woman swore,

And she vented her spite upon Carpenter Gore.

But Carpenter Gore cared little for that,

He put up his saw, and he put on his hat,

And to Betty he said with a grin :

" A hole, no doubt,

That let's one cat out

Will let half a score cats in ! ! "

MORAL.

Little old women, wherever ye be,

Gentle or simple, come listen to me—

Beware how you storm
And bawl for Reform,
And great alterations begin,
Lest in going about,
To rout one grievance out,
You let half a score come in.

Lord Waithman's Lament.

———" *Omnium*
Versatum urna !"—HORACE.

[A squib on the contest for the office of Chamberlain to the City (1831), in which Alderman Waithman was defeated by the Conservative candidate, Sir James Shaw.]

'TIS sweet to remember
The years that are past,
If the sun of to-day
Shine as bright as the last ;
But if black clouds envelope
And darken our doom,
That the day once was brighter
But adds to the gloom !
Lord Waithman sits lonely,
His back-shop within,
With his knees to his elbows,
His thumbs to his chin ;

For, ah ! fickle Fortune
Kicks over " his Urn,"
And he " grieves for the days
Which will never return."

(Lord W. loquitur.)

" And was it for this
That I headed the mob,
Riding proud in the van
At Queen Cary's ' black Job ? '
That aloft on the foot-way
My steed I bestrode,
When the heavy dragoons
Shov'd me out of the road ?

" And was it for this
That Lord Kenyon I brav'd ?
And in full Common Council
So ranted and raved ?
That now, when at length
My reward I would draw,
And I ask for their voices,
Their answer is ' *Shaw !* '

" Oh ! shame to thee, Oldham !
Oh ! shame to thee, Slade !
Oh ! shame to thee, Thorpe !
Ye the cause have betray'd :

But on thee, faithless Joseph,
Be tenfold the shame !—
Sure Falsehood's a Scotchman,
And Hume is his name !

“ To lose such a prize
Would drive any man mad ;
Such a snug seat for life !
Oh ! by Jove, it's too bad !
My blood's in a fever,
My brain's in a whirl,
Oh ! what can assuage it ? ”

To him, Mr. W. Waithman, armed with a foaming tankard.)

(The Filial Consoler.)

“ Six pen'orth of purl !

“ Come, drink, daddy, drink,
Don't sit looking so bilious ;
Nor excite our alarms
For our *Paterfamilias*,
Take a sup while it's hot !
It's chalked up to our score
At 102,
Read's Saloop shop, next door !

“ Drink !—Care kill'd a cat ! ”

Lord W. furens.)

“ Oh ! hang it, don’t bother,
Don’t talk about cats !
You’re as bad as your brother !
He said some disaster
Would happen, he knew,
When our Tortoise-shell Tom
Behaved ill in my shoe.

“ He said ’twas a sign—
But, ah me ! wretched sinner !
What to do !—where to go ?—
Who’ll now give me a dinner ?
Oh ! z—ds, I’ll go mad !
I will ! here’s to begin—
Look here, Mister Bill,
Will this do for a grin ?

(His voice rises an octave.)

“ I’ll vote for a ballot,
With nought but black balls !
I’ll swallow Guildhall,
And the Bank—and St. Paul’s !
I’ll join Dan O’Connell !
I’ll shoot Robert Peel !
I’ll feed the Lord Mayor
For a month on cow-heel !

“ I’ll murder Will Cobbett,—
Set fire to the town ;
I’ll smother that Shaw
In his Chamberlain’s gown !
Such deeds I will do !
—What they are I don’t know—
Oh !—I’m off in hysterics !—
Oh dear !—Oh !—oh ! !—oh ! ! ! ”

(Miss W. sings within.)

“ Come, arouse thee ! arouse thee !
My jolly old boy !
Take a swig, and to Guildhall away !
Relax that frown,
Put on your gown,
With the fur and the gold chain so gay.

“ Are not you ?—are not you ?
Oh ! a silly old boy ;
To lie sprawling and kicking this way ?
When you know Lord Key
Sports a luncheon at three,
And Flower will for nobody stay !
Then arouse thee, etc.

"Then at night—then at night—
 What a merry old boy
 You'll be in the ball-room so gay—
 You and Ma must ride
 In the coach, side by side,
 And I, Jack, and Bill, in the Shay!
 Then arouse thee!" etc.

(His Lordship looks at his watch—only ten minutes to three—Music plays an AGITATO movement.—His Lordship is supported to his carriage by two sympathizing shopmen in tears.—Little boy whistles "Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself," as the carriage drives off.)

A New Song to an Old Tune.

BEING A FULL, TRUE, AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF A
 CERTAIN "TIGHT LITTLE ADMINISTRATION"
 THAT WAS LOST IN A FOG OFF THE COAST OF
 BRIGHTON, ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1834, AND
 HAS NEVER BEEN HEARD OF SINCE.

AIR—"The tight little Island."

DANDY Melborne one day
 Said to sage Gaffer Grey,
 "We must now hold a grand consul-tation ;

Since Spencer's 'gone dead,'
We shall want a new head
To conduct the affairs of the nation ;
For now he's got this elevation,
Althorp can't keep his old situ-ation,
 And where's the three-decker
 Can take the Exchequer,
In our tight little Adminis-tration ?

" As for Durham, you know,
He's been down to Glasgow,
 And made an infernal o-ration,
Calling all of us ' fools,'
And ' rogues' and ' Brougham's tools '
 (To that Peer's no small morti-fication) ;
And since that great Illumin-ation
Of the Law, meets such vituper-ation
 From your son-in-law ; *he*
 As your Lordship must see,
Can't be one of our Adminis-tration.

" Edward Littleton, too,
Would, I fear, never do,
 Though we might, as to mere calcu-lation,
Send for Bowring from France,
To teach him finance,
 And subtraction, and multipli-cation ;

But you know what a sad pertur-bation
He occasioned our Associ-ation
By that business with Dan,
Which demolished the man
As a part of our Adminis-tration.

“There’s that Scotch Abercromby
May, it’s fancied by some, be
Possess’d of a qualifi-cation ;
His return, to be sure,
Is pretty secure,
And that’s no small consider-ation ;
For since in her old corpor-ation
We’ve produced such transmogrifi-cation,
With his tongue in his cheek, he
May blarney Auld Reekie,
And humbug her whole popu-lation.

“But then, there’s Ned Ellice,
You know, would be jealous,
That rose-bud of civili-zation ;
Though the Tories defame him
And grossly nick-name him,
Which causes him great tribu-lation—
Yet why should it give him vex-ation !
Ursa Major’s a prime constel-lation,

And who dares declare
Him the only 'Great Bear'
To be found in our Adminis-tration ?

"As to little John Russell,
Who's in such a bustle
To put us to farther 'pur-gation,'
With his 'Ballot' and nonsense,
We cannot, in conscience,
Consent to such gross inno-vation.
We must all view with great constern-ation,
A seat of but three years' dur-ation ;
The King and the Church
We can leave in the lurch,
But we can't leave our Adminis-tration.

"Stay ! by Jingo, I've caught
What you'll own's a bright thought,
Unless I've lost all pene-tration—
I'll be off in a trice,
And take with me Spring Rice,
To propose for the King's appro-bation !
When once I've made this presen-tation,
There's an end to our whole bother-ation ;
And no longer sticks
In this 'tarnation fix'
Our rickety Adminis-tration."

Jumping into a chaise
(’Twas an old hack of Grey’s),
Melly dropped here this grave conver-sation,
And bade the postillion
Drive towards “the Pavilion”
Without further procrasti-nation :
But conceive our poor friend’s desper-ation,
When, in answer to this appli-cation,
Turning coolly about,
Said the Sov’reign “ You’re out !
And I’ll form a new Adminis-tration ! ”

Alas ! and alack !
When his Lordship got back,
Only fancy the cold perspir-ation
The Whigs were all in,
When they heard where he’d been,
And his journey’s abrupt termi-nation.
Holland House, at the first intim-ation,
Became one scene of sad lamen-tation !
A succession of fits
Turn’d poor Palmerston’s wits,
And produced mental halluci-nation.

Then in Great Stanhope-street
The confusion was great
In a certain superb habi-tation,

Where, seated at tea,
O'er a dish of Bohea,
 Brougham was quaffing his "usual po-tation."
(For you know his indignant ne-gation,
When accused once of jollific-ation)—
 Down went saucer and cup,
 Which Le Marchant picked up,
Not to hear his Lord mutter "d—n-ation !"

But this greatest of men
Soon caught hold of a pen,
 And, after slight delibe-ration,
No longer he tosses
His flexile proboscis
 About, in so much exci-tation ;
But, scribbling with great ani-mation,
He sends off a communi-cation :
 "Dearest Lyndhurst," says he,
 "Can't you find room for me
When constructing your Adminis-tration ?

"Though the 'Times' says I'm mad,
And each rascally Rad
 Abuses my tergiver-sation—
Though those humbugs, the Whigs,
Swear that my 'Thimble-rigs'
 Were the cause of all their vacill-ation ;

The whole story's a base fabri-cation
To damage my great reputa-tion ;
 So now, to be brief,
 Only make me Lord Chief,
And I'll serve without remuner-ation ! ”

When he found 'twas “ no go,”
And that Lyndhurst and Co.
 Were deaf to all solicit-ation,
As 'twas useless with Lyndy
To kick up a shindy,
 He resolved upon peregrin-ation ;
Not waiting for much prepa-ration,
He bolted with precipi-tation
 A sad loss I ween,
 To Charles Knight's Magazine,
And to Stinkomalee edu-cation !

So now that the Noodles,
The Doodles, and Foodles
 Of the Radico-Whig combination
Are off, and the Realm
Has sound men at the helm,
 Let us give them full co-operation !
Superior to intimi-dation,
May they free us from mere mob-dictation.

Till her Altar and Throne
Grateful England shall own,
Preserv'd by Peel's Adminis-tration !

The Irish Fisherman.

[This has reference to an election quarrel between Mr. Sheriff Raphael and Daniel O'Connell, arising from an alleged breach of faith on the part of the latter, by which the Sheriff lost his seat for the county of Carlow.]

I SAT by the side of a murmuring brook,
As sad as sad mote be ;
In my hand were a rod and a line and a hook,
And a newspaper on my knee.

Of Carlow the sad and sorrowful tale
I conn'd with curious eye,
When a sunlight beam displayed in the stream
A speckled trout sailing by.

But I laid down the rod, and I said to the fish,
How all the world would grin,
If in trying, small trout, to pull you *out*,
You should happen to pull me *in* !

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

Ode.

IN the autumn of 1824, Captain Medwin having hinted that certain beautiful lines on the burial of Sir John Moore might have been the production of Lord Byron's Muse, Mr. Sydney Taylor, somewhat indignantly claimed them for their rightful owner, the late Rev. Charles Wolfe. During the controversy a third claimant started up in the person of a *soi-disant* "Dr. Marshall," who turned out to be a Durham blacksmith, and his pretensions a hoax. It was then that a certain "Dr. Peppercorn" put forth his pretensions to what he averred was the only "true and original" version, viz. :—

NOT a *sous* had he got—not a guinea or note ; *
And he look'd confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.

* Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.—VIRGIL.

I wrote the lines, Smith owned them—he told stories.

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the club returning ;
We twigg'd the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamps, brilliantly burning.

All bare and expos'd to the midnight dew,
Reclined in the gutter we found him ;
And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

"The Doctor's as drunk as the D——" we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow ;
We rais'd him, and sigh'd at the thought that his head
Would consumedly ache on the morrow.

We bore him home and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him next morning a couple of red-
Herrings with soda water.

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
And his Lady began to upbraid him ;
But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on,
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done,
When beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "one o'clock" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story ;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

The House that Jack Built.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

As performed with great applause at Westminster Hall, on two successive days, viz., May 16th and 17th, 1826.

[In 1825, a portion of the new Custom House having given way, an action was brought against Mr. Peto, the builder, for breach of contract. The following is a sort of summary of the evidence adduced.]

THIS is the House that Jack* built.

This is a sleeper† that propped up the House
that Jack built.

* The familiar sponsorial abbreviative of John Bull.

† Neither the Board of Commissioners, the superintendents, or the operatives are here intended. Sleeper is a technical term, implying a particular piece of timber used in the foundations of buildings.

This is the pile that was short all the while, and wouldn't go deeper under the sleeper, that propped up the House that Jack built.

This is the Peto appointed to see to, the driving the pile that was short all the while, and wouldn't go deeper under the sleeper, that propped up the House that Jack built.

These are the spandrels stout and thick, that were filled up with rubbish instead of brick, by Mr. Peto appointed to see to, the driving the pile that was short all the while, and wouldn't go deeper under the sleeper, that propped up the House that Jack built.

This is Laing the Survey'r, who took such care, to order the spandrels stout and thick, to be filled up with rubbish instead of brick, by Mr. Peto appointed to see to, the driving the pile that was short all the while, and wouldn't go deeper under the sleeper, that propped up the House that Jack built.

This is James Day from Drury Lane, who went there ev'ry morning and back again, to Laing the survey'r, who took such care, to order the spandrels stout and thick, to be filled up with rubbish instead of brick, by Mr. Peto, appointed to see to, the driving the pile that was short all the while, and wouldn't go deeper under the sleeper, that propped up the House that Jack built.

This is Mullins the foreman steady and strong, who

saw that matters were all going wrong, and wondered the house should have lasted so long, as he told James Day from Drury Lane, who went there every morning and back again, to Laing the survey'r, who took such care, to order the spandrels stout and thick, to be filled up with rubbish instead of brick, by Mr. Peto, appointed to see to, the driving the pile that was short all the while, and would not go deeper under the sleeper, that propped up the House that Jack built.

This is John Cook, who "just gave a look," and agreed with the foreman steady and strong, who saw that matters were all going wrong, and wondered the house should have lasted so long, as he told James Day from Drury Lane, who went there every morning and back again, to Laing the survey'r, who took such care, to order the spandrels stout and thick, to be filled up with rubbish instead of brick, by Mr. Peto, appointed to see to, the driving the pile that was short all the while, and would not go deeper under the sleeper, that propped up the House that Jack built.

This is R. Smirke who found fault with the work, at which John Cook had just taken a look, and agreed with the foreman steady and strong, who saw that matters were all going wrong, and wondered the house should have lasted so long, as he told James Day from Drury Lane, who went there every morning and back again, to Laing

the survey'r, who took such care, to order the spandrels stout and thick to be filled with rubbish instead of brick, by Mr. Peto appointed to see to, the driving the pile which was short all the while, and wouldn't go deeper under the sleeper, that propped up the House that Jack built.

This is George Rennie, who wouldn't give a penny, for all the work found fault with by Smirke, at which John Cook had just given a look, and agreed with the foreman steady and strong, who saw that matters were all going wrong, and wondered the house should have lasted so long, as he told James Day from Drury Lane, who went there every morning and back again, to Laing the survey'r, who took such care, to order the spandrels stout and thick to be filled with rubbish instead of brick, by Mr. Peto appointed to see to, the driving the pile that was short all the while, and wouldn't go deeper under the sleeper, that propped up the House that Jack built.

These are the Counsellors bouncing and big, every one in a three-tailed wig, who examined George Rennie that wouldn't give a penny, for all the work found fault with by Smirke, at which John Cook had just taken a look, and agreed with the foreman steady and strong, who saw that matters were all going wrong, and wondered the house should have lasted so long, as he told

James Day from Drury Lane, who went there every morning and back again, to Laing the survey'r, who took such care, to order the spandrels stout and thick, to be filled with rubbish instead of brick, by Mr. Peto appointed to see to, the driving the pile that was short all the while, and wouldn't go deeper under the sleeper, that propped up the House that Jack built.

This is John Bull with his pockets so full, who "forked out" three hundred thousand pound for a tumble-down house that fell to the ground, and paid all the fees, with a great deal of ease, to all the grave counselors bouncing and big, every one in a three-tailed wig, who examined George Rennie that wouldn't give a penny, for all the work found fault with by Smirke, at which John Cook had just given a look, and agreed with the foreman steady and strong, who saw that matters were all going wrong, and wondered the house should have lasted so long, as he told James Day from Drury Lane, who went there every morning and back again, to Laing the survey'r, who took so much care, to order the spandrels stout and thick to be filled with rubbish instead of brick, by Mr. Peto appointed to see to, the driving the pile that was short all the while, and wouldn't go deeper under the sleeper, that propped up the House that Jack built.

This is Westminster Hall so lofty and tall, where

lawyers and architects, foremen and all, sing huzza for John Bull with his pockets so full, who forked out three hundred thousand pound for a tumble-down house that fell to the ground, and paid all the fees, with a great deal of ease, to all the grave counsellors bouncing and big, every one in a three-tailed wig, who examined George Rennie, that wouldn't give a penny, for all the work found fault with by Smirke, at which John Cook had just given a look, and agreed with the foreman steady and strong, who saw that matters were all going wrong, and wondered the house should have lasted so long, as he told James Day from Drury Lane, who went there every morning and back again, to Laing the survey'r, who took such care, to order the spandrels stout and thick, to be filled up with rubbish instead of brick, by Mr. Peto appointed to see to, the driving the pile, that was short all the while, and wouldn't go deeper nor prop up the sleeper, that let fall the House that Jack built.

The Dark-looking Man.

Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto !

The man's dark-looking, him with caution see to !

[BOW STREET.—A merchant residing at the Somerset Hotel, and a dark-looking young man in a brown surtout, were brought up by Morris and Blackman, on the information of Thomas Wood (known by the name of "Civil Tom"), the waiter, charged with intending to fight a duel.—*Morning Paper*.]

THE cloth was withdrawn, the decanters at hand,
At the "Somerset," close by St. Mary-le-Strand,
When 'tis painful to think what a discord began
'Twixt a Merchant so brave and a Dark-looking Man.

The cause of this uproar, and whence it arose,
Oh ! nobody mentions, and nobody knows ;
But the waiters were scared, and away they all ran,
And "Bring pistols for two !" cried the Dark-looking
Man.

Civil Tom was alarmed ; his civility fled,
Every hair of his wig stood on end on his head ;
John, William, the Barmaid, Jane, Susan, and Nan,
All fled from the wrath of the Dark-looking Man.

The guests rose *en masse*, and abandoned the bowl,
And in came the beadle, the watch, and patrol ;
While Morris and Blackman cried, "Seize him who can!
In the King's name, lay hands on that Dark-looking
Man!"

E'en Hercules' self, though the strongest of gods,
Must yield (as the bard sings too truly) to odds ;
Alas ! 'tis in vain to contend with a clan,
So they bore off to Bow Street that Dark-looking Man.

"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?"
The Justice exclaimed, as he eyed them afar ;
But the Merchant declared he knew nought of the plan,
"I am quite in the dark," cried that Dark-looking Man.

The gaoler looked grim, and the clerk he looked grave,
As the Magistrate turned to that Merchant so brave :
"I care not," quoth he, "how this quarrel began,
But I beg you'll shake hands with that Dark-looking
Man.

"Fight duels ! Pooh ! nonsense ! Come, don't be
absurd,
Had I let you alone, think what might have occurred ;

You might have been shot, and brought home in a van,
While Jack Ketch had finish'd that Dark-looking Man."

"Shake hands!" cried the Merchant, and look'd with
disdain

O'er his camlet-cloak collar, adorn'd with gilt chain,
"Shake hands with a stranger? 'Tis never my plan."
"I'll be hang'd if I do!" said that Dark-looking Man.

"You won't?" cried his Worship; "then bear them
to gaol,
Lock them up till they find satisfactory bail."
Thus ended the feud with a flash in the pan
Of that Merchant so brave and that Dark-looking Man.

MORAL.

Merchants, East and West India, now list to me, pray,
Attend to the moral I draw from my lay:
Shun strife, nor let port e'er your senses trepan,
Above all, don't fall out with a Dark-looking Man.

H. PEPPERCORN, M.D.

Mother Goose's Tale ;

OR, NURSERY RHYMES FOR CHRISTMAS, 1828.

[On the 27th of December, 1828, "the City" was thrown into a state of excitement by the news of the defalcation and disappearance of Mr. Rowland Stephenson, the banker, and his confidential clerk. It turned out that they had been assisted in their flight by a gentleman of some note in the musical world, who accompanied them as far as Pill, whence the pair set sail for America. In consequence of this partial complicity with the absconding criminal, the gentleman alluded to, who declared that he lay under a strong sense of obligation to Mr. Stephenson, thought it necessary to publish an exculpatory letter, in which details were given of the part he had played in the evasion. This letter gave rise to the following piece of pleasantry :]

I SING a song of "sixpence," a balance all awry,
My "friend and benefactor" a piping of his eye !
When his mouth was opened the clerk began to sing,
"Is not this a pretty dish? suppose we both take wing !

"The folks are in the counting-house, counting out the
money,
Five bankers in the parlour are looking rather funny !"
The clerk then in the carpet-bag was packing up his
clothes,
"Send out and call a 'Jarvey,' ere somebody 'turn nose !'

"Bee ! ba ! black sheep, have you any 'cole ?' "
"Not a single sixpence !" (*aside*) "three bags full !"

Goosey Goosey Gander !
Then I must wander
Up stairs, down stairs,
To my lady's chamber !

John Cook he went to his little grey mare,
For cash was the cry, and his purse was bare.

Little Jack Horner popt out of the corner,
Where he had been sitting so sly ;
He had put in his thumb for a slice of the 'plum,'
And now come to wish them 'Good-bye.'

Now ride a cock horse
Adown Charing Cross,
In a dark green chariot and a grey horse !

There was an old woman got up at the turnpike,
To open the gate, a mile out of town ;
Where we were going to she did not ask it—
Into her hand I slipp'd a half-crown ;
"Old woman, old woman, hip," said I,
"Can't you contrive a small bit of a lie,
To tell them we're off to the Isle of Sky ?
For they'll be after us by and by."

There was a man in London town,
And he was wondrous wise,
And he went with us in the chaise,
And kept out both his eyes ;
And when he saw that all was safe,
With all his might and main,
He got into another chaise,
And so went back again.

I had a little pilot boat no bigger than my thumb,
There is a little place call'd *PILL*, and there I bid it come.

Rowland and Jemmy were two pretty men,
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten.
Up jumps Rowland, and looks at the boat,
“ Come, brother Jemmy, 'tis time we're afloat ! ”
“ You go before with the bottle and bag,
And I'll come after, and carry the 'swag ! ’ ”

There was a hair trunk—oh, what do you think,
We fill'd it with nothing but victuals and drink :
When we'd victuals and drink, we set off with our diet,
Lest the silly old landlady should not keep quiet.

Sing a song,
It's very wrong
Exchequer Bills to borrow ;
If we can catch the little dog,
He shall be whipt to-morrow.

Rowland loved good ale and wine,
And Rowland loved good brandy,
And Rowland loved a pretty girl
As sweet as sugar-candy.

Heigh, my Bishop, my Bishop,
And heigh, my Bishop so leary !
Ellis, and Ruthven, and Cope,
They hunt for them far and neary !

Now they go up, up, up,
Now they go round, round, round,
Now they go backwards and forwards,
And now they go down, down, down.

Old Tommy Townshend
Thus began his prayers,
"Take him by his right leg,
Take him by his left leg,
Take him by his right leg,
D—me, take him by his ears ! "

Heigh, diddle, diddle,
Sir George and his fiddle,
They watch'd at his door till noon :
Cunning Tom laugh'd to see them all wrong,
And voted Sir Richard a ' spoon.'

Little Bo-peep
Is gone on the deep,
And they can't tell where to find him ;
Let him alone,
For he'll never come home,
Nor leave any cash behind him.

GRAND CHORUS OF MARINERS.

See saw, saw the waves,
Saw the waves asunder ;
A great knave a-top of the deck,
And a little knave under.

Jan. 14th, 1829.

MARGERY DAW.

Childe Nugent.

A FRAGMENT.

[“Repairs going on in the church (of Great Hampden) at the time, search was made there for the body of Hampden, and, as the persons understood, at the instance of Lord Nugent, several coffins were inspected, but not opened, because either the date did not agree with Hampden’s death, or the inscription bore a different name ; but one coffin was at length found which had neither date nor inscription, and this was opened, although from its form it appears to have been older than his time. Mr. Norris, a surgeon of Risborough, examined the body, which was that of a very lusty man ; the head covered with rich auburn hair, reaching beneath the shoulders. It was in high preservation, except that one arm had crumbled off, owing to the action of the air, which had made its way to that part, through a crack in the coffin, but there had been no amputation or operation of any kind.”—T. I.]

C HILDE NUGENT stands by the dead man’s
grave,

With a picke axe and a spade,
For he longs to view a patriot true,
And to find out of what he is made.

He hath been easte and he hath been weste—
He hath roam’d farre and wide—
He hath traversed the lande of fayre Englande,
And Portingale eke besyde.

He hath been northe and he hath been southe,
A patriot for to fynde,
Bote never yet mote Childe Nugent get
A patriot to hys mynde.

Soe now he stands by the dead man's grave,
With hys spade and hys picke axe ;
Was never a resurrection man
Dyd give more lustie thwacks.

Childe Nugent delved with ryght gode wille,
And dygg'd with might and maine ;
Was never a Byschope and never a Burke
Colde sooner a styffe one gayne.

He hath dygg'd easte, he hath dygg'd weste,
He hath dygg'd both northe and southe,
And he cometh at last to the dead man's skull,
With hys thigh bones cross'd in hys mouthe !

Childe Nugent hath read a Runic rhyme,
In a voice both loud and dread ;
I wis a tale of Portingale,
That well mote awaken the dead.

Quantum quantitate ?

Nescio sanè ;

Attamen vixero

Si non any.

Quis administravit ?

Sanctus Johannes.

Quibus recommendatus ?

Pluribus Zanies.

Quis fuit ille

Johannes præfatus ?

O'Driscoll Billy

Olim nuncupatus.

Medicus ?—Nequaquam,

Sed pictor signorum,

In Tipperariâ,

Inops bonorum.

Nunc dives auri

Sedet sublimis

In curru, celebratus

Prosâ atque rhymis

Quæ tantæ famæ

Fuit origo ?

Sanatio mira

Marchionis de Sligo.

Num particeps alter
Dementiæ vestræ ?
Imo sane fuit
Dominus Ingestriæ.

Ah ! virgo infelix,
Tui quam miseresco,
Sine sheetis blanketsve
Dormientis al fresco !

A curis soluta
Hic intus jace,
In Longum a Longo
Requiescas in pace !

Encomium Longanum.

YOU may talk of your Celsus, Machaons, and
Galens,
Physicians who cured all incurable ailings,
But ne'er yet was doctor applauded in song
Like that erudite phœnix, the great Doctor Long.

Such astonishing cures he performs I assure ye,
Some think him a god—all a *Lusus Naturæ*,
The whole animal system, no matter how wrong,
Is set right in a moment by great Doctor Long.

Through all regions his vast reputation has flown,
Through the torrid, the frigid, and temperate zone ;
The wretch, just expiring, springs healthy and strong
From his bed at one touch of the great Doctor Long.

His skill to experience, what potentates ran—
The Pope, the Grand Llama, the King of Japan !
The Great Chinese autocrat, mighty Fon Whong,
Was cured of the ' doldrums ' by fam'd Doctor Long !

In each serious case he considers as well as
Doctor Horace, "*Naturam cum furcâ expellas*,"
"Dame Nature" (*i.e.*) "you must poke with a prong,"
Pretty poking she gets from the great Doctor Long.

He cures folks à *merveille*, the French people cry ;
The Greeks all pronounce him *θειοτατον τι*.
Dutch and Germans adore him—the Irish among,
"To be sure he's the dandy !" Go brag,* Doctor Long !

King Chabert has proved, since restored from his panic,
There's small harm in quaffing pure hydrocyanic ;
But he never found out it was good for the throng,
When scrubb'd on their stomachs by great Doctor Long.

* Qu. *Brag*.—Printer's Devil.

A machine he's invented, stupendous as new,
To sweep one's inside as you'd sweep out a flue ;
No climbing-boy, urged by the sound of the thong,
Can brush out your vitals like great Doctor Long.

Her Grace feeling qualmish one morning of late,
After breaking poor Jeffries' the box-keeper's pate ;
A bumper of Nantz, in a cup of souchong,
Was prescribed as a tonic by great Doctor Long.

Garter King* has assign'd, like a sad "fleering Jack,"
A duck for a crest, with the motto, "*Quack, quack* ;"
To the proud name of St. John (it should be *St. Johng*,
Which would rhyme with the surname of great Doctor
Long).

Great house-painting, sign-painting, face-painting Sage !
Thou Raffaele of physic, thou pride of our age !
Alas ! when thou diest, and the bell goes ding-dong,
Sure Hygeia herself will expire with her Long.

* Sir George Naylor, Knt., Garter King-at-Arms, etc., a signal example of the fallacious foundation of the proverb, which saith, "Grocers do not like plums." We counted yesterday, on his armorial majesty's carriage and harness, *eight-and-twenty coronets, two-and-twenty garters, and eighteen crests*, besides full coats of arms, mantles, etc., as the story-book says, "all very grand."

Then fill every glass, drink in grand coalition,
“ Long life long await this long-headed physician,
Long, long may Fame sound with her trumpet and gong
Through each nation the name of the great Doctor
Long ! ”

Relics of Antient Poetry.

No. I.

[The subject of this mock ballad is a squabble which arose between Lord Londonderry and his nurse in 1831. The humour, however, is mainly directed against Mr. John Britton's rather remarkable inaccuracy in matters of history.]

The following curious old ballad is said to have been lately discovered by that erudite antiquary, Mr. John Britton, who assigns it to the twelfth century. As it is not to be found in the collections of either Percy, Ellis, or Ritson, we willingly give it a place :—

WHEN goode Kynge Wyllyam* ruled this lande,
And was a worthie Kynge ;
The Queene he one daye dyd commande
To attende a fayre Christ'nyng.

* From my researches in a scarce tract, entitled Hume's History of England, I conclude the monarch here alluded to is the celebrated William of Normandy, sometimes called William the Conqueror, who came over in the famous Spanish Armada, and killed Queen Elizabeth

The Knights dyd ride, the folke dyd runne,
 And make a mightie dinne ;
 Then who so ready as Lorde Holdernesse,*
 To let Kynge Wylliam inne.

The Kynge and Queene they both stand forth,
 With Lordes and Ladyes tenne ;
 The Byschoppe† is there with hys great bygge wygge,
 The Clerke he sayeth Amenne.

Now "Largesse ! Largesse !" quoth the Nurse,
 And she spake on bended knee ;
 "Now Largesse ! Largesse ! our gracyous Queene,
 I pray thy Majestie !"

at the battle of Agincourt. His uncle, William the Second, who succeeded him, and was surnamed Roofus, from the beautiful ceiling he put up in Westminster Hall (see the Ramsbottom papers in the possession of Theodore, King of Corsica), was never married. William the Conqueror married the daughter of Caleb Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, the "gracyous Queene" here alluded to. J. B.

* Mr. Harris Nicolas, in his 'Synopsis of the Peerage,' assigns 1621 as the date of the first creation of this title. It became extinct in the person of Humphry Clinker, 15th Lord, killed by the savages in the island of Owhyhee, A.D. 1540. J. B.

† Probably Thomas A'Becket, or Cardinal Wolsey, who both flourished in this King's reign ; the former was afterwards Archbishop of York, and suffered death for stealing the crown out of the Record Office in the Tower of London. J. B.

“Largesse ! Largesse !” then cryed they alle,
And they kneelid on the ground ;
“Grammercy !” quoth our gracyous Queene,
“For thy mede here is Fiftie Pounde !”

Right gladde, I ween, that nurse is seene,
And she laughed loud laughters three ;
“Now God prosper longge our Noble Kynge,
And eke his gaye Ladye !”

Then out and spake a Lady fayre,
The Mither,* I trow, was shee !
“Now naye, now naye, thou olde fatte Nurse,
In sooth thys may not be.

For there is Alice, and there is Joane,
And Susanne and Pollie, all fowr,†
Servynge women of lowe degree,
Doe wayt within mye bower.

* The “Mither,” here mentioned, was, in all probability, the celebrated Anne Boleyn, wife of John Wilkes, fourth Earl of Holderness. The fate of this beautiful but unfortunate woman, who was hanged at Tyburn, in 1745, by order of the inhuman Jeffries, for aiding in the escape of King Charles the First after the Battle of Blenheim, is matter of history. For a minute account of her execution, see Augustine ‘De Civitate Dei,’ and the ‘New Bath Guide.’ J. B.

† I can find no account of these “fowr maydens” in all my friend Mr. Cawthorne’s most valuable circulating library. It is, however, not unlikely that the “Pollie” last mentioned was the daughter of Mr.

Tenne pounds to Alice, and tenne to Joane,
Be welle and trewly payde ;
To Susanne tenne, and to Pollie but fyve,
For she is the Kytchen Mayde.

And fyfteene pounds, thou olde fatte Nurse,
May well thy guerdon bee.”
“ Now naye, now naye ! ” quoth that olde fatte Nurse,
“ In sooth that may not bee !

“ For fyftie pounds of the goode red golde,*
I begged on my bended knee ;
I wyll have alle—our gracyous Queene
Dyd frankly give it me ! ”

“ Now naye, now naye ! thou fatte olde Nurse,
In fayth it shall notte be donne ;
Our Lady forefend thou shouldest have alle,
And mye other fowr Maydens nonne ! ”

Peachum, some time keeper of his Majesty's gaol of Newgate, and afterwards the wife of Macbeth, the notorious highwayman who robbed and murdered Banquo, Member for Corfe Castle, in the fourteenth century. There is, however, a trifling difficulty as regards dates. For her history, see Gray's tragedy of 'The Beggar's Opera.' J. B.

* A truly Royal present, amounting to about three hundred and seventeen pounds, four shillings, and threepence halfpenny of our present money. J. B.

Then up and spake Lord Holdernesse,
And a wrathful man was hee ;
“Thys olde fatte Nurse is a Female Dogge,
And here she no more may be !”

And he hath taken that olde fatte Nurse,
And smakid her soundlie and welle ; *
One smacke on her cheeke, one smacke on her eare
And one smacke where I maye not telle.

“Now out and alas !” quoth that old fatte Nurse,
“That ever I was borne !
The Devyll flie awaye with Lord Holdernesse,
And poke hym with his horne ! †

* By the laws of chivalry, as contained in the Napoleon Code, it was a heavy offence for a knight to strike a female, and was usually punished, especially during the period of the crusade, by setting the criminal in the pillory. Sir Philip Sydney narrowly escaped this degradation at the siege of Acre. J. B.

† An awful imprecation, not unsuited to the complexion and creed of the dark ages, which preceded the invention of gas-lights, when infernal agency was believed in by every one ; the story of the devil's flying away with Doctor Foster is familiar to most, though there is some reason to doubt its authenticity. Romulus, king of Greece, and Matthew Hopkins, Archbishop of Paris, were said to have been similarly disposed of ; also a tailor (name unknown), as is recorded in the old ballad of Chevy Chase :—

“And the devil flew away with the little tailor,
And the broad cloth under his arm.”

J. B.

“The Devyll flie away with Lord Holdernesse,
Who colde smyte mee on the hyppe,
And colde smacke the cheeke of a ladye,
When he mote have kissed her lyppe !

“The Devyll flie away with Lord Holdernesse,
And all faytours fals and mene,
Who wolde take fyftie pounce from a pore old Nurse,
And leave her bote fyfteene !”

Relics of Antient Poetry.

PART II.

Another of those interesting remains of which we have already given a specimen, was read at the last meeting of the Antiquarian Society. The MS. in which it and about fifty more are contained is an illuminated one, but imperfect, wanting both title-page and colophon. It is said to have been discovered at Bristol, in the bookstall of Peter Hyson, Esq., A.S.S., who, through the kind intervention of our antiquarian friend, has furnished us with an illustrated copy.

[A squib on a certain worthy butcher and common councilman, rejected as alderman by the Court for having dressed a donkey as a calf and exposed it in his shop.]

I was a Butchere wyth hys traye
Walked forth to buy hys meete,
And he mette wyth a queere lookynge calfe *
Hangynge uppe by hys feete.

* Of the period when calves were first introduced into this country we have no certain account. It must, however, have been previous to the age of Elizabeth, inasmuch as we find England in that reign already celebrated for its beef, then commonly partaken of at breakfast, its introduction to the dinner-table being the innovation of a later age. That eminent naturalist, Mr. P. Hyson, has proved to demonstration that veal must have been antecedent to beef, as the maturity of the one is necessarily preceded by the precocity of the other; indeed, veal may be defined as beef in an incipient state. According to an

“Now Heav’n thee save, thou Butchere’s boye,
I praye thee telle to mee,
If ever in alle Ledenhalle *
Thou fayrer veale dydst see ?”

antient distich preserved by that erudite antiquary, Mr. Puffman, [Hofman] of Bishopsgate Street Within,

“Hops, Reformation, *Calves*, and Beer,
Came over to England all in one year.”

If there be any truth in this tradition, the era must be that of King John, who was formally excommunicated by Pope Leo the Tenth (Ganganelli) for granting Catholic Emancipation, and refusing to kiss his toe. The dissolution of the monastic orders followed, and the Reformation was soon after brought about, principally through the preaching of the celebrated Martin Bree. This supposition is further countenanced by a passage in the old play of King John, by Barber Beaumont and Fletcher, in which the Lord Falconbridge, addressing the Archbishop of Austria, is made to say

“And hang a calve’s skin on those recreant limbs,”

a recommendation which would seem to intimate that calve-skins were rare at that period, and worn only as an article of dress, on state occasions, by the principal nobility.

* Leden, or as it is now spelt, Leadenhall, was formerly a Dominican Convent for monks of the Order of St. Francis. It occupied the site on which the market now stands, having Gracious (now Gracechurch) street to the west, and to the east a magnificent pile of building belonging to the Honourable East India Company, against whom these ambitious ecclesiastics maintained a long litigation in the Court of Chancery on the subject of tythes.

“ And howe sholde I a Jack-Asse * knowe,
If thys be never a one ? ”

“ Poh ! never heede hys ears and tayle,
Bote take hym for a crowne ! ”—

“ Aldermanne,† hee is too farre gone—Aldermanne,
hee is too farre gone ;
Vy, blesse your eyes,
Hee aynt noe syze ;
Hee vont cutte uppe tenne stone ! ”

* Jackasses are supposed to be indigenous in this country ; it is at least certain that they were common in the time of Richard the Conqueror, and the breed has by no means degenerated. From the peculiar sagacity of this “ fine animal,” its name is held in great veneration in the City of London, as the symbol of “ absolute wisdom,” and has not only been frequently conferred as a title of honour upon aldermen, but has even been supposed to lend a lustre to the name of the chief magistrate himself. Mr. Kempe, in his valuable History of the New Post Office, mentions a rare print, representing a Lord Mayor in his robes of office with an ass’s head on. It were superfluous to speak farther of the ass, in its emblematic capacity, before a society which has so deservedly affixed A.S.S. as a proud distinction to the names of its members. As an article of food, the flesh of the ass is now little in request, except at corporation dinners and other civic entertainments, and occasionally, in the form of sausages, in the more thickly inhabited parts of the metropolis.

† From this term of address it would seem that the salesman, or master butcher, here alluded to, was a person of distinction, or a member of a body corporate. *Ealdermann*, or *Eorlderman*, was a title of honour amongst the ancient Scandinavians or Scavengers, and is still used

“ Chaff noe more, Butchere ; Butchere, chaffe noe
more ;

Thyne haggling is in vayne—

For soche a bargayne, atte fyve bobbe,*

Thou ne’er mayst see agayne !

“ Nay, stay thee, Butchere, thinke awhyle

Before thou leav’st mye stalle,

For Spryngge is comme, and veale doth ryse,

Whyle other meetes do falle !” †

by their descendants, the Low Dutch, as the appropriate designation of an elderly lady. It was the custom formerly, for Eorldermen to ride upon white horses (see Tillotson and Jeffrey Monmouth *passim*). Their persons were held to be inviolable, and the form of an imprecation is still extant, made use of towards an offender who had inflicted an injury on one of their body—

“ Zoundes, Sir ! you’ve cutte offe the Eorldermanne’s thumbe !”

This title must not be confounded with the modern “Alderman,” an office of great dignity and importance, *usually* filled by persons of respectability.

* Bobbe, an antient coin, equal in value to one shilling of our money. It was styled a Bobbe, from Robert Bruce, last Sovereign Prince of South Wales, who was slain in battle by Edward the Third, and whose effigy and legend it bore. One of these scarce coins is now in my possession, the head much defaced, and the inscription altogether obliterated.

† A curious illustration of the state of the gastronomic thermometer in days of yore. Its fluctuations seem to have been nearly the same in all ages. My learned friend, Mr. Michael Scaley, whose experience in these matters is too well-known to need farther comment, affirms, that, “Weal is allays dearest a’ter Chrissmus.”

“ Now tempte mee notte, thou Scalie manne—
O tempte me notte, I praye ;
Here bee fowr hogge,* and ane tyzzie downe ! ”—
“ Welle, poppe hym inne thye traye ! ”

* The Boar, or “Hogge,” was the well-known cognisance of the House of Lancaster, and usually stamped on the coins of all the Princes of that dynasty. When William the Third, surnamed the Crook-back Tyrant, from causing Perkin Warbeck to be smothered in the Tower, fell at Bosworth Field, Joseph de Lancaster, the sole survivor of the family, fled to America, where it is believed he still resides, exercising, in imitation of another great living potentate, the humble occupation of a schoolmaster. Mr. Heseltine's assertion, that he became a bricklayer in St. Giles's parish (vide ‘Last of the Plantagenets’), and built a stack of chimneys at Eastwell Park, for the Earl of Winchelsea, is a pleasing fiction, but utterly at variance with facts as developed by the severity of historical research. The precise value of the Hogge I have no means of ascertaining. The Tyzzie is the same as the Tizzy, *i. e.*, sixpence, and was current during the “wars of the Roses,” so called from a noble but turbulent family, which recently became extinct in the person of the late George Rose, Esq., M.P., for the borough of Christ Church, Hants.

Correspondence.

[A quarrel between two gallant captains, originating in a charge of evading the subscription due to the Junior United Service Club, and terminating, after a long correspondence, in an appeal to Sir Richard Birnie at Bow Street, gave rise to the following pleasantry, which appeared July, 1830.]

No. 1.

CAPTAIN HOGSHEAD'S best compliments—begs
Captain Squirt

Will just drop him a line, and be pleased to insert,
At what hour to-morrow or next day 'twill suit him,
To let his young friend, Captain Pills, come and shoot
him?

No. 2.

REPLY.

Captain Squirt, Captain Hogshead's kind note has read
o'er;
He doesn't think proper to say any more.

No. 3.

Sir,—Your note's such a queer one, I really don't know
If you mean to encounter my friend Pills or no,

S. HOGSHEAD.

No. 4.

If I don't hear by ten, I conclude it ' No Go.'

S. H.

No. 5.

Sir,—Captain Mouth has just brought me your verbal
despatch,

I shall tell Captain Pills you won't come to the scratch,
Although in the dark you've been joining to flout him,
And all sorts of tarry-diddles telling about him.

S. H.

No. 6.

Sir,—It having been settled this day in committee,
That your friend, Captain Pills, has behav'd himself
pretty ;

Captain Squirt now no longer to shoot him refuses,
Wherever he likes and whenever he chooses.

R. H. MOUTH.

To Captain Hogshead, &c., &c.

No. 7.

Sir,—I beg leave to put what I told you in writing,
I must say I think it's all nonsense this fighting ;
Suppose they shake hands—think no longer of slaughter,
But finish—I'll join—with hot brandy and water !

S. H.

To Captain Mouth, &c., &c.

No. 8.

Sir,—Either beg pardon at once for your malice,
Or—zounds ! sir—come over and fight me at Calais !

HOTSPUR PILLS.

To Captain Squirt.

No. 9.

Sir,—My friend Captain Squirt, who's as bold as a lion,
Says as how he conceives Captain Pills is a ' shy un.'
A voyage in a steam-boat he don't choose to hazard,
He has waited three days for a slap at his mazzard ;
So his character now he will hinge upon that,
He will fight in England, and d——n me that's flat !

R. H. M.

To Captain H., &c., &c.

No. 10.

Sir,—You know we agreed when you gave me a call,
That France was the best place for powder and ball,
And if you've chang'd your mind—why, I hav'n't—that's
all.

S. H.

To Captain Mouth, &c., &c.

No. 11.

Sir,—You know you told lies, and said everything bad,
And you ought to be 'sham'd of yourself—so you had !

And now that my mother has found it all out,
And won't let me fight, why my courage you doubt,
Come over, I tell you, or soon you'll have got
What you won't like at all—but I shan't tell you what.

To Captain Squirt, R.N.

HOTSPUR PILLS.

No. 12.

Calais.

Sir,—I meant to have lick'd you, and bought a new whip,
But the beak bound me over; I've giv'n 'em the slip,
And here I'm now staying your carcase to drub,
If you don't come, by Jove, I shall write to the club.

To Captain S.

H. P.

No. 13.

Sir,—It's devilish provoking your keeping one so,
Captain Squirt should have come and been shot long
ago;

I beg we no longer attendance may dance,
It's deuced expensive this stopping in France.

To Captain Mouth, &c., &c.

S. H.

No. 14.

Sir,—Captain Squirt I can never advise
To fight anywhere else but at Battersea Rise;

And more than that, it should never be his plan
To take any more notice of any 'sich' man,
 Who would not fight
 When he very well might,
But for full thirteen days kept clean out of sight.
If you write any more I shall very much thank
You to pay the post, or to put it in a frank.

R. H. M.

To Captain H., &c., &c.

No. 15.

Sir,—As to writing, 'tis grown such a bore,
That I don't mean to trouble you never no more ;
But since Captain Pills is my crony, I feel
That to call him "a man" is not very genteel.

S. H.

To Captain M., &c., &c.

No. 16.

Sir,—I don't mean to quarrel, indeed never do,
But I hope I'm at least as genteel, sir, as you.

R. H. M.

To Captain H., &c., &c.

No. 17.

Dear Squirt,—As to Pills, whom I know well enough,
I thought his palaver in Down Street all stuff,
But what 'twas about it is so long ago
I've forgot, but I think 'bout his brother poor Joe ;

No. 18.

I don't recollect, I can't tell, I don't know.

H. DOWNEYCOVE.

No. 19.

DECLARATION.

We think and agree

That far better 'twould be

For the parties to stand on the beach near the sea.

Brave Pills close to Calais, Bold Squirt down at Dover,

With the Channel between 'em, then let 'em shoot over.

So witness our hands, and our seals, well and truly ;

S. H.—R. H. M.—London.—10th day of July.

A Strand Eclogue.

SCENE—*An upstairs room in Somerset House. The Antiquarian Society assembled in full fig. At the upper end of a long table a President's chair vacant, in front of which Mr. Martin, the Librarian, is occupied in placing a large cocked hat on a velvet cushion. The clock striketh eight—a short pause, which is at length broken by sundry fidgettings, hemm-ings, and other signs of impatience. Mr. Amyott, the Treasurer, riseth, and preludizeth.*

(*Treas.*) The clock has struck ; 'tis waxing late !
See, full three minutes after eight !
I move then, since my Lord's not here,
That Mister Gurney take the chair !

(*Cries of "Hear ! hear !" "Chair !" "Mr. Gurney in the Chair," etc. Hudson Gurney, Esq. ascendeth the vacant Throne, sitteth down, getteth up again, bloweth his nose, tum loquitur.*)

(*Pres.*) Now, Gentlemen, since time is precious,
While they get ready, to refresh us,
The tea, the buttered toast, and muffin,
With other requisites for stuffing,
That cheer our hearts, and fill our bellies,
Let us to business !—Mr. Ellis !

(*The Junior Secretary riseth, bland, and rubicund, taketh out his spectacles, wipeth carefully, and placeth them on their proper supporter, cleareth his throat, boweth to the Chair, and proceedeth.*)

(*Jun. Sec.*) Sir—Gentlemen—ere we proceed
Farther ; permit me now to read
My worthy colleague's minutes, treating
Of what was said and done last meeting !

(*Mr. Senior Secretary Carlile handeth the minute book across, the Junior Sec. receiveth it with a gracious smile, openeth it, and readeth.*)

(*Jun. Sec.*) *Presented*—first, a Bow and Arrow,
Supposed the same with which the Sparrow
Cock Robin's bosom did transfix ;
(See Mother Goose, vol. 1, page 6).
Discovered underneath a hay-rick
In Herefordshire—by Dr. Meyrick,

(*Hear ! hear !*)

Much like another in the dwelling
Of Dr. Meyrick's son, Llewellyn.
Read—The accompanying essay,
Some forty folios as I guess, a
Brief statement, luminous, and clear,
Of how 'twas found, and when, and where,
With arguments of greatest nicety,
In favour of its authenticity.

(*Mr. Caley riseth and walketh up and down, with his hands behind his back, to keep himself awake. Mr. Hallam offereth him snuff, which he declineth, and reseateth himself. The Junior Sec. goeth on.*)

(*Jun. Sec.*) *Read*—by the Secretary (me, Sir,)

A paper touching Julius Cæsar,
Tracing his progress all through *Cantium*
To London, then called *Trinovantium*,
Proving the Tower he founded in 't
Was not that building near the Mint,
Stained so by foul and midnight slaughter,
But one on t'other side the water,
Converted now, its source forgot,
T' a Manufactory of Shot.

(*Mr. Caley falleth asleep.*)

Presented—by the *Junior Sec.*,

(Myself again) a Royal wreck,
An antique Thimble, that, with which,
In seventeen hundred forty-six,
Flora Macdonald drove her stitches,
While mending Prince Charles Edward's
breeches,
When, from Culloden forc'd to fly,
He tore them in the Isle of Sky.

(*A portly Member, at the lower end of the table, riseth abruptly.*)

(*Meml.*) The Young Pretender wore a kilt,

He *had* no breeches.—

(*Jun. Sec. aside and frowning*) Hang that Gwilt—
(*aloud and smiling*) Sir, pardon me, my paper shows
That Prince Charles Edward wore the Trews
Even before he passed the border,
And tore the seat—

(*Mr. J. B. Nicholls*) Chair !

(*Sir Ev. Home*) Order ! Order !

(*Jun. Sec.*) Sir—really—may I never stir,
If I—

(*Mr. Crofton Croker*) I rise to order, Sir,
The learned Secretary knows
All precedent against him goes,
He can't forget when Mr. Caley
(Perhaps for him a thought too gaily,)
Expended much deep erudition
Upon a certain "deposition"
Of witnesses i' the fifteenth century,
Touching how Queen Anne Boleyn went
awry,
The reading, in that very case, he
Opposed, himself, from delicacy.

(*Jun. Sec.*) Sir, I assure you, not one particle—

Pres. Proceed, Sir, to the following article.
We'll not discuss that matter now !

(*Jun. Sec.*) To your decision, Sir, I bow —
These interruptions—

(*Mr. Caley snoreth.*)

—Mr. Brayley,
Pray give a jog to Mr. Caley.

Mr. B— shaketh the Keeper of the Augmentation Office by the shoulder; Mr. Crofton Croker singeth the end of a pen in the candle, and applieth it to his nose at the same time. Mr. Caley sneezeth, and openeth his eyes.)

(*Jun. Sec.*) *Elected*—on certificate written
By our prime Counsellor, John Britton,
John Day, Esquire, of Great St. Mary
Axe, a most learned Antiquary,
Whose well-known name requires no gilder,
Foreman to Mister Rennie, Builder,
And sole constructor of the palings
I' the Park, with sundry other railings
In Essex, Sussex, and in Kent,
And of a foot-bridge 'cross the Brent!
—That's all, Sir, and, the minutes ended,
A name, which has been now suspended
The usual time, for ballot calls;
Produce the ——

(*Sen. Sec.*) Here's the box and balls!

(Chairman readeth aloud the name of the Candidate.)

“Charles Hyson, Bookseller and 'Squire,
Of High Street, Bristol, Somersetshire,”
His Testimonials signed and written
By our prime Counsellor, John Britton.

(The ballot box is passed round by Mr. Martin. Mr. Crofton Croker waggishly secreteth seventeen black balls, and depositeth them slyly within the cavity. The box is handed up to the President, who stretcheth forth his right hand towards the cocked hat, while he openeth the drawer with his left. A start—President withdraweth his right hand as if it had touched a red-hot poker; great consternation in his countenance on viewing sable intermixture in drawer. Much temporary confusion in the assembly. On counting balls the “joke” is discovered; President gravely rebuketh ill-timed pleasantry on the part of Member unknown—box passed round again; Candidate declared unanimously elected an A.S.S.—C. Hyson, Esq., led to the table by J. Britton, Esq. [proposer and seconder]—President riseth, putteth on cocked hat, hind side before.)

(Pres.) Sir, We, the President and Fellows
Of this most grave Society, jealous
Of our own fame and reputation,
Have made due search and inquisition
Into your merits, and discerning
Your genius, deep research, and learning,
Finding you qualified, no less
Than we, to be A double S,
We do admit you 'mongst our fellows,
(That fire's out, Martin, fetch the bellows),

Not doubting but we've gain'd to-night
An ornament, and Shining Light.

*(The newly-elected Fellow puffeth his cheeks as about to return thanks,
but words are wanting; Mr. Martin puffeth the fire; Mr. John
Britton puffeth himself and friend, as follows :—)*

(Mr. J. Britton) I rise, Sir, as I always do,
Not that I've much to say that's new,
But were I not my powers to try,
You'd wonder what was come to I;
Besides, I've got a thing to show,
An article of great *virtu*,
A piece of antique crockery ware,
Dug up not far from Brunswick Square,
The fragment of an earthen pot,
With a handle—whether it had not
Another once, is all a guess,
The letters S P, or P S,
Are plain, which stand for *Publius Spurius*,
Or *Spurius Publius*—

(Mr. Hoffman) —Dear ! how curious !

Permit me, sir, to feel the handle—

Pray, Mr. Caley, snuff the candle !

(Mr. Crofton Croker) Allow *me*, sir (what precious
muffs !)

You know friend Caley *never snuffs*.

(*Mr. Crofton Croker snuffeth the candle—out ;—a little bustle until it is relighted.*)

(*Mr. Britton proceedeth*) Now, sir, before my speech I
close

I've one more member to propose.
The Gentleman I'm going to mention,
Is famous for a grand Invention ;
Revival, I should rather say,
The greatest far of this our day,
Which some may think a mere absurdity,
Or rank among the *heartly purdity*.*
You've heard of Nimrod, Prince of Greece,
The same that stole the Golden Fleece,
And founded, after many a year,
The Melton hunt in Leicestershire ?
A "mighty Hunter" he, you know,
God knows how many years ago ;
Though his receipt has long been lacking,
'Tis known he used most famous Blacking,
Which became lost unto the trade
Somewhere about the third Crusade,

* Qu. *Artes perditæ* ? This distinguished Antiquary's orthography, like Lord Duberly's, "is a little loose."

And this my friend has found again !

(*Hear, hear.*)

I needn't say *no* more, 'tis plain
You all anticipate me, and
When I name *Warren of the Strand*,
I cannot entertain a doubt
You'll hail him with a general shout ;
So move, as now my speech I've ended,
That he "as usual, be suspended."

(*"Hear, hear!" "Bravo!" etc., from the Brittonites; "No! No!"
"Stuff!" "Puff!" and other expletives from the refractory. The
President, with his cocked-hat en echelon, at length announceth that
Robert Warren, Esq., is elected Fellow by acclamation.*),

(*Mr. J. Britton*) Now our Society may boast—

(*Sir Ev. Home*) Pooh! Gammon! here's the tea and
toast!

*The tray is brought in—a simultaneous rush at the muffins—Mr. Martin
is scalded by a cup of coffee upset on his inexpressibles, and, in the
confusion, our Reporter quitteth the room.*

Harris v. Kemble.

A true and particular report of the case, *Harris v. Kemble*, as *not* heard in the House of Lords, September 5, 1831.

[The subject of this action was the validity of a lease granted by the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre to Mr. Charles Kemble.]

L ORD MULGRAVE sat there,
With his fine head of hair,
While the Chancellor's look was so glum,
That on t'other side Plunket
Appeared much to funk it,
And Lyndhurst kept biting his thumb.

In front Sir Edward,
His brief who had read hard,
Began to address these great men ;
While behind, Mr. Pepys,
Sat drawing little ships
On the back of his brief with his pen.

Messrs. Pulman and Currie
Came up in a hurry,
In bag-wigs, knee-breeches, and swords,
As two gentlemen more
Set open a door,
And let in three queer-looking lords.

King Norroy, so great
In his tabard of state,
To the Chancellor then made a bow ;
In a kind of a growl, he
Says, " Here's my Lord Cowley,
Who is come here to promise and vow ! "

Lord Brougham, for the Crown,
Says, " My lord, pray sit down,
You're quite welcome—I never dissemble."
So Lord C., after that,
Puts on his cocked hat,
And goes and sits down near Miss Kemble.

Then was heard a sad rout
In the lobby without,
As if twenty or more were a-talking ;
And in came a summons,
" A message from the Commons ! "
Says the Chancellor, " Pray let 'em walk in."

Then Sir John Milly Doyle,
With a score more who toil
In committee, to wait longer scorning,
Came and said, " We agree
Mrs. 'Turton to free
From her husband. We wish you good morning."

“Then,” says my Lord Brougham,
“It’s high time to go home ;
Sir Edward, pray stop your red rag !”
Then Counsellor Pepys
Never opened his lips,
But popped his brief into his bag.

Then Sugden, so sly,
Gave a wink with his eye,
And shut up his brief without sorrow,
Saying, “Earned with much ease,
This morning, my fees,
And hey for ten guineas to-morrow !”

The Modern Ixion ;

OR, THE LOVES OF JOSEPH DALE AND ELIZA BAINES.

[One of the most extraordinary hoaxes ever played off was exposed at the sessions at Greenwich. A young man named Joseph Thornton was charged with detaining a miniature, the property of one Joseph Dale. It appeared that the prisoner had represented that a certain fair lady was deeply in love with Mr. Dale, and had induced him to commence a correspondence with her. His letters were duly answered, to the number of a hundred or more, which answers described the lady's affection to be of the most romantic description. Her miniature was sent—his was given in return ; her will was made, and all her property devised to him ; and Mr. Dale at length fancied that he was really in love with a being whom he had never seen ; when—sad disaster !—it turned out that the whole was a hoax on the part of Thornton, and that he retained the miniature of the enamoured Lothario in his possession ; and for this he was given into custody. Upon his returning the portrait, and consenting to make a suitable apology, he was discharged.]

COME listen to a mournful tale,
All ye who feel for true Love's pains !
Just twenty-two was Joseph Dale,
Fifteen he deem'd Eliza Baines :

A heart more tender or more true
Ne'er throbb'd with passion than the swain's ;
And though she ne'er had met his view,
That heart adored Eliza Baines.

One Abraham Thornton (not the youth
Who dash'd out Mary Ashton's brains,
But one, alas ! as void of truth)
First told him of Eliza Baines ;

And how her roseate cheek grew pale,
And how salt tears, like wintry rains,
In torrents flow'd for Joseph Dale,
All heedless of Eliza Baines.

And she was fair, and rich as fair ;
With store of gold and wide domains ;
And blest the youth ordain'd to share
All this with fair Eliza Baines !

Oh, then a tender *billet-doux*
He pens, and softly thus complains,
" If you loves me as I loves you,
I'll wed with sweet Eliza Baines."

He turns his back on Greenwich Park,
Its glittering domes and gilded vanes,
And sadly roams till almost dark,
In hopes to meet Eliza Baines.

To Lew'sham "lazy, lanky, long"
 (One epithet the Muse disdains
As all unfit for poet's song),
 He hies to seek Eliza Baines ;
And there his devious path he winds,
 So pensive peeping through the panes—
But ah ! those curst Venetian blinds
 Seclude the fair Eliza Baines.

In vain beneath that window high
 He pours his fond melodious strains,
And coughs and sneezes—not a sigh
 Responds from Miss Eliza Baines.

"Oh, Abraham Thornton, aid me now,
 If any spark of friendship reigns
Within thy bosom, breathe a vow
 To bear me to Eliza Baines !"

"A portrait, Joseph !" Abraham cried,
 True love in absence best sustains ;
There dwells a limner in Cheapside
 Will paint one for Eliza Baines.

"To-morrow eve, at Astley's too,
 The fatal fray on Belgium's plains
They act—a mimic Waterloo !
 There may'st thou see Eliza Baines !"

Oh, then a hackney coach was call'd,
A surly *jarvey* took the reins ;
“ My fare’s two bob ! ” he hoarsely bawl’d ;
Ah ! how unlike Eliza Baines !

They reach the pit—the great Ducrow
From every hand applauses gains ;
Applause from Joseph Dale ?—Ah ! no,
He thinks but on Eliza Baines.

One form alone attracts his view,
That form an upper box contains ;
Yon orange turban trimmed with blue—
It is—it is Eliza Baines.

“ Bright vision ! spare my aching sight ! ”
He cries ; and scarcely yet refrains
To scale that box’s topmost height,
Though darkly frowns Eliza Baines.

Withheld by Abraham, down he sunk,
A snob his other arm detains,
With “ Blow my vig ! the fellow’s drunk ! ”
He reck’d not of Eliza Baines !

Ah, why must Fortune cruel prove ?
Why still delight in mortals’ pains ?
Why rouse him from his dream of love ?
Why cry, “ There’s no Eliza Baines ! ”

That fatal truth revealed, his breast
Dire thoughts of vengeance entertains,
False Thornton owns, a knave confest,
“ ’Tis all my eye about Miss Baines ! ”

At once his eyes turn darkly blue,
His nose the spouting claret stains ;
Fierce Joseph strikes so swift, so true,
Thus hoax’d about Eliza Baines.

And “ Sarve him right ! ” the people say,
Of pity they bestow no grains
On one who could his friend betray,
To love a false Eliza Baines.

Alas, for Joseph Dale ! bereft,
And forc’d to reassume the reins,
The whip, the box he lately left
Rejoicing, for Eliza Baines ;

Bound to the ever-whirling wheel,
Ixion’s fault—Ixion’s chains
He shares like him, condemn’d to feel
He clasp’d a cloud in Betty Baines.

The Cabouat Tragedy.

The Roman bard feelingly laments that many great names
have failed to reach posterity—

Carpe quæ tuæ carpe.

THOSE of Messrs. Cabouat and Simon, two of the most illustrious men of modern times, will at least not be lost for want of this advantage. It is but two days ago that we had to read their execution, and a poem of 150 stanzas is already published, composed by one of the most brilliant geniuses, which must immortalize their memory. We regret much that its length precludes our giving this splendid effusion entire and in its original language; "Half a loaf," however, says the adage, "is better than no bread," and therefore we venture to Shennanize a few verses, commencing with its opening address to "*Monsieur son et sensible cœur.*"

COME listen to a doleful tale
Each tender heart that throbs with pity,
Your very cores will all turn pale
Before I've got through half my ditty.

A hapless Abbé's fate I sing,
Whose sons-in-law took much in dudgeon
A will they thought not quite the thing,
So beat his brains out with a bludgeon.

Pseahme was his name (for verse a cramp
One) ; they who for his blood did hunger,
Were a sad and thorough-going scamp,
Call'd Adolphe Cabouat the younger,

And one who bore as bad a fame,
In dress and mien though somewhat neater,
And Peter Simon was his name—
Ah ! how unlike to Simon Peter !

.

The bard goes on to relate the marriages of the two daughters of Pseahme, the death of Cornélie, Simon's wife, and her fatal will which sowed the first seeds of enmity in her husband's breast, and eventually produced such a dreadful result. She thus consigns her children to the care of the Abbé :—

“ Oh ! for the love of heav'n, papa,
When I am gone and toll'd my knell is,
Be thou to them a new mamma,
And fill their little darling bellies.

“ Protect, I pray, my children three
According to my true intention ;
They will be better far with thee
Than with that chap—I shall not mention.”

Expressive silence ! Ah, poor thing !
 E'en then she could not charge a crime on
 The man she once had lov'd, nor bring
 Her pen to write "that rascal Simon."

.

In describing the marriage of Eliza Pseaume with Cabouat, so reluctantly consented to by her father, he alludes to the efforts of Madame Pseaume to overcome her husband's reluctance to the match :—

Dame Jeanne, who thought him meek and mild,
 And had a soul above base Mammon,
 Cried, "Dearest, do indulge the child !"
 The Abbé only answered, "Gammon !"

Oh ! had he uttered "Gammon" still
 His then so seeming harsh denial
 Had saved himself a bitter pill,
 His daughter many a bitter trial ;

Nay, sad forebodings shook the bride,
 Her future lot foreshadowing evil in ;
 She wept so while the knot was tied,
 She set the very parson snivelling.

After recounting at great length the perpetration of the

crime, etc., he describes the behaviour of the prisoners while in gaol:—

They laugh'd, they quaffed, they drained the cup,
Nor thought on him they'd used so cruelly,
All reckless that they soon might sup
On sulphur broth with brimstone bouilly.
.

Many just compliments are paid to the presiding judge, M. de Sansonetti, and the rest of the Bench, as well in prose as in verse, and the whole is at last wound up with the affecting adieus of Simon to his family and to the members of the Court that had condemned him:—

“Great sirs, who from yon bench look down,
And thou, illustrious Sansonetti!
Sage Thiriet, counsel for the Crown!
Gents of the Jury, Grand and Petty!

“By your just judgment doom'd to trip,
Mercy I hope not, nor will ask it;

(To the Executioner.)

So jump about, Jack Ketch, and snip
My knowledge-box into your basket!”

The Brave Lieutenant Fitch.

[An extract of a letter from Mr. George Fitch, dated River Tagus, July 25, 1833, will best explain the subject of the following song, to be sung to the tune of "The British Grenadiers."

"I write this on board what was formerly DON MIGUEL's yacht. I took her yesterday *with this single arm* and a musket and bayonet.

"A mob of thirty people released *me* from the infernal prison where I have been confined, with little food, for the last month. When I got into the street the people carried *me* on their shoulders, and wanted *me* to head them, which I did; their numbers were small, but I soon increased them by releasing all the prisoners. I then *armed with broomsticks* those who could get nothing better. I had *myself* a beautiful weapon, a crowbar. We flew like fire, shouting '*Vive Donna Maria*,' through the streets to Fort St. John, mounting twelve large guns. I killed the sentinel, and we forced the gates and took possession of the battery. I then *felt like a god*. I had 500 men at my command, ready to shed the blood of tyranny. We loaded the guns, forced the arsenal, and found 3000 stand of arms all new. There were many soldiers in the mob. I ordered them to form and get into marching order, which they did, and I served out ball cartridge. We gave the command of the fort to an old officer, and telling him to keep a good look out, I then marched through Lisbon with *my* army and a band of music playing the Constitutional Hymn! The English Admiral fired a grand salute to our flag. The troops from Algarves arrived on the opposite side of the river the day before the revolution, and had a very smart action. Count DE VILLA FLOR came over yesterday at two o'clock, with 1000 troops, and took possession of the city; *he knew me the moment he saw me*, and shook hands with *me*."]]

SOME talk of ALEXANDER,
And some of HERCULES,
Of CONON and LYSANDER,
And of MILTIADES ;



But of all the world's brave heroes,
There's none have reach'd the pitch,
With their tow-row-row-dow-dow,
Of the brave Lieutenant FITCH.

When MIGUEL's Commanders
On Lisbon turn'd their tail,
A "mob of thirty people" came
And took me out of jail.
I arm'd them all with broomsticks,
And a crow-bar like a switch,
With my tow-row-row-dow-dow,
Wav'd brave Lieutenant FITCH.

My troops I then commanded
To march to Fort St. John ;
We boldly stormed the outworks—
For the garrison was gone.
I sprang upon the sentinel
And knock'd him in the ditch,
With my tow-row-row-dow-dow,
Oh ! brave Lieutenant FITCH.

Then through the streets of Lisbon,
I marched with five and drum,
And the girls all cried, "Huzza my boys,
Lieutenant FITCH is come !"

Says VILLA FLOR, " My hero,
You behaved yourself as ' sich,'
With your tow-row-row-dow-dow,
My brave Lieutenant FITCH ! "

That fine old cock PALMELLA,
As well as VILLA FLOR,
Cried, " Such a valiant fellow
Me nevere see afore ! "
In Fame's historic temple
He vell deserve a niche,
With his tow-row-row-dow-dow,
Dis brave Lieutenant FITCH."

My " single arm " thus routed
The whole o' the hostile squad ;
The " mob " all roared and shouted,
And " I felt like a god ! "
And wasn't the Queen of PORTUGAL
A lucky little—witch,
With her tow-row-row-dow-dow,
To have Lieutenant FITCH ?

So Gemmen fill a bumper
Of max, and drink each one,
Here's luck and a jolly scramble
For every mother's son !

And may tag, rag, and bobtail
All grow exceeding rich,
With their tow-row-row-dow-dow,
Like the brave Lieutenant FITCH.

Kinez Left at Hook's House in June, 1834.

AS Dick and I
Were a-sailing by
At Fulham Bridge, I cock'd my eye,
And says I, "Add-zooks !
There's Theodore Hook's.
Whose Sayings and Doings make such pretty books.
" I wonder," says I,
Still keeping my eye
On the house, "if he's in—I should like to try ;"
With his oar on his knee,
Says Dick, says he,
" Father, suppose you land and see !"
" What ! land and sea,"
Says I to he ;
" Together ! why, Dick, why how can that be ?"
And my comical son,
Who is fond of fun,
I thought would have split his sides at the pun.

So we rows to shore,
 And knocks at the door—
 When William, a man I'd seen often before,
 Makes answer and says,
 "Master's gone in a chaise
 Call'd a homnibus, drawn by a couple of bays."

So I says then,
 "Just lend me a pen ;"
 "I wull, sir," says William—politest of men,
 So having no card, these poetical brayings
 Are the record I leave of my doings and sayings.

A Parody.

My Lord P—— loquitur—

MY cab is at the door,
 Thou must raise the wind for me—
 But ere you go, Tom Moore,*
 Here's a snug douceur for thee !

* It need scarcely be said that the Tom Moore addressed in the above pathetic lines was not the poet, but one whose name was mixed up with that of a noble lord in certain bill transactions which came before the public.

Here's a bond for those who'll lend me,
And a bill at six months' date—
And I'll sign whate'er you send me,—
Get the cash at any rate !

Though boring duns surround me,
They still must trust me on ;
Till you the cash have found me,
“ Call again ” to every one !

Each knock I know full well,
And my fainting spirits sink
When they pull the area bell,
So be off and fetch the “ chink ! ”

Mind and bring me back by one,
Of thousands half a score,—
Hark ! there's another dun ;—
Adieu ! adieu ! Tom Moore !

Brief Summary of a late Interesting Report.

[A squib on "The Report of the Privy Council on the Destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire, 1834."]

THIS is the house that Josh burnt.


These are the sticks that heated the bricks, that set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mr. Milne, who advised a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, that set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mr. Phipps, who allowed the chips, to be burnt in the flues, but never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who suggested a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, that set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mr. Weobly, who heard but feebly, what was said by Phipps, who allowed the chips, to be burnt in the flues, and never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who suggested a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, that set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Josh Cross, who continued to toss in too many sticks, and was full of his sauce, though cautioned by Weobly, who heard very feebly, what was said by Phipps, when he suffered the chips, to be burnt in the



flues, yet never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who preferred a kiln, for burning the sticks, which heated the bricks, that set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mrs. Wright, who was all in a fright, and sent to Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, though cautioned by Weobly, who heard so feebly, the words of Phipps, who suffered the chips, to burn in the flues, and never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who had ordered a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Dick Reynolds, who saw that night, the flues and the furnaces blazing bright, stuff'd full of sticks to three-fourths of their height, when sent by Mrs. Wright, who was all in a fright, to scold Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, though rebuked by Weobly, who heard so feebly, the orders of Phipps, who allowed the chips, to be burnt in the flues, and never told the news, to Commissioner Milne, who advised a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is John Snell, who found out by the smell, and the smoke and the heat, that came through to his feet, when he sat himself down in the Black Rod's seat, that Dick Reynolds was right, when he said that night, that the flues and the stoves were blazing too bright, when despatched by Dame Wright, in her hurry and fright, to scold Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, though

warned by Weobly, who heard very feebly, what was said by Phipps, who permitted the chips to be burnt in the flues, and never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who had talked of a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mr. Cooper* of Drury Lane, who went down to Dudley and back again, and heard a man say, the very same day, that the house was a blazing, a fact more amazing, than that of John Snell, who knew very well, by the smoke and the smell, and the very great heat, that came through to his feet, when he sat himself down in the Black Rod's seat, that Reynolds was right, when he said that night, that the stoves and the flues were burning too bright, stuffed full of sticks to three-fourths of their height, when Mrs. Wright sent him off in a fright, to blow up Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, for not minding Weobly, who heard so feebly, the directions of Phipps, respecting the chips, being burnt in the flues, without telling the news, to Commissioner Milne, who ordered a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is John Riddle, who only cried "Fiddle!" when asked if Cooper of Drury Lane, had been down to Dudley and back again, and had heard a man say, at the

* N.B.—No connection of our friend honest John of Drury Lane Theatre.

Bush that day, that the house was a-blazing, a thing more amazing, than the fact of John Snell, finding out by the smell, and the smoke and the heat, coming through to his feet, when he sat with his boots on in Black Rod's seat, that Dick Reynolds was right, when he said that night, that the fire in the stoves was a great deal too bright, stuff'd up with sticks to three-fourths of their height, when sent in her fright, by poor Mistress Wright, to admonish Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, though rebuked by Weobly, who heard so feebly, the words of Phipps, who allowed the chips, to be burnt in the flues, but never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who had said that a kiln, was the place for the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Whitbread the waiter, who added his *negatur*, to that of John Riddle, who only cried "Fiddle!" when they told him that Cooper of Drury Lane, had been down to Dudley and back again, and had heard that day some traveller say, that the house was a-blazing, a thing most amazing, to even John Snell, who had found by the smell, and the smoke and the heat, that was scorching his feet, as he sat in his boots in the Black Rod's seat, that Dick Reynolds was right, when he said that night, that the fires in the stoves were alarmingly bright, stuff'd up with sticks to three-fourths of their height, when Mistress Wright, being really in a fright, sent him off to

Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, to Surveyor Weobly, who'd heard so feebly, the orders of Phipps, who permitted the chips, to be burnt in the flues, without carrying the news, to Commissioner Milne, who had told him a kiln, was the place for the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is the Peer, who in town being resident, signed the report for the absent Lord President, and said that the history was cleared of its mystery, by Whitbread, the waiter, adding his *negatur*, to that of John Riddle, who laugh'd and said "Fiddle!" when told Mr. Cooper, of Drury Lane, had been down to Dudley and back again, and had heard the same day, a bagman say, that the house was a-blazing, a thing quite amazing, even to John Snell, who knew very well, by the smoke and the heat, that was broiling his feet, through his great thick boots in the Black Rod's seat, that Dick Reynolds was right, that the fires were too bright, heaped up to such an unconscionable height, in spite of the fright they gave poor Mrs. Wright, when she sent to Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, both to her and to Weobly, who'd heard so feebly, the directions of Phipps, when he told him the chips, might be burnt in the flues, yet never sent the news, as he ought, to Milne, who'd have burn'd in a kiln, these confounded old sticks, and not heated the bricks, nor set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

Lament.

[A portrait of Sir John Soane having been presented by Mr. Maclise to the Literary Fund Society, its acceptance was objected to by the original. During the angry discussion which followed, Mr. Jerdan solved the difficulty, by entering the committee room, and cutting the caricature of Sir John (as the latter chose to term it) into pieces with his penknife. There appeared a few days afterwards—(May 22, 1836)—in the “John Bull,” the following :—]

Dr. TAYLOR *loquitur*.

O CHONE ! ochone !
For the portrait of Soane,
Jerdan ! you ought to have let it alone ;
Don't you see that instead of removing the bone
Of contention, the apple of discord you've thrown ;
One general moan,
Like a tragedy groan,
Burst forth when the picture-cide became known.
When the story got “blown,”
From the Thames to the Rhone,
Folks ran, ran, calling for ether and eau-de-Cologne ;
All shocked at the want of discretion you've shown !
If your heart's not of stone,
You will quickly atone.

The best way to do that's to ask MR. RONE-
Y to sew up the slit ; the committee, you'll own,
When it's once stitched together, must see that it's
SOANE.*

XIX

*Written in Harrow Churchyard, on the occasion of a wedding
being delayed by the absence of the officiating minister.*

MR. Bruce, Mr. Bruce,
When the matrimonial noose
You ought here at Harrow to be tying,
If you choose to ride away
As you know you did to-day,
No wonder bride and bridegroom should be crying.
It's a very great abuse,
Mr. Bruce, Mr. Bruce !
And you're quite without excuse,
And of very little use
As a curate,
Mr. Bruce !

* Query, *Sewn*.—Printer's Devil.

The Church's Petition.

Passing through the Parish of Flempton, County Suffolk, a few days since, we were much struck with the picturesque appearance of the parish church—in ruins. While gazing upon it in the twilight, with that look of pensive abstraction which sits so well upon our fine features, and which the hour was so calculated to encourage, on a sudden the church door opened slow and wide, mouth-fashion, and a voice from within, which sounded like the cracked double G of a decayed organ-pipe, uttered the following Lament :—

PITY the sorrows of a poor old Church,
With half a tower, and scarce a decent door ;
The hard churchwardens leave me in the lurch,
And rural deans, despairing, give me o'er !
Thatch'd roof, and porch my poverty bespeak,
Untouch'd by workman since the ancient years
Of Blastus Godly* ; and my belfry's wreck
Excites the nervous congregation's fears.
Yet many a spot, with wood and mansion crown'd,
I view around me on the Bury road,
Where wanton wealth profusely decks the ground,
And cherish'd pheasants find a safe abode.
Hard is the treatment of the House of God—
The sum that gives one keeper yearly bread
Would patch my ruins, that neglected nod,
Envyng the snugness of each humbler shed.

* Once Rector of the Parish, and buried in the chancel, A.D. 1719.

I ask no gilded weathercock or dome.

But a few stones to fence me from the cold—
A boon denied not to the ploughman's home,
Or barn, no matter how unsound and old.

Fair neighbours, cast an eye upon my grief,
Now that success your famed Bazaar has blest ;
And when the poor have shared their due relief,
Pray, for Heaven's sake, bestow on me the rest !

Good Mrs. Williams,* do but print a line,
Just to describe me in the plight you see ;
A stronger case can scarce be found than mine,
In thine own "Stories of Mendicity."

'Twould melt the bowels of an honest Turk,
To see a Christian Mosque so scant-equipt
Like an old shiver'd lime-kiln past its work,
Or a sham ruin with the ivy stript.

The tale that Lancashire's revilers tell,
Can scarcely match my melancholy state,
When the churchwardens sold the steeple bell
To buy strong liquors, and a bull to bait.

* A worthy lady, authoress of "Tales of Mendicity," printed and sold at bazaar aforesaid, for the benefit of the county hospital.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old Church,
Ye who roll past in daily coach and four,
Find a few pounds for my repair ; the search
Will scarce exhaust your overflowing store !

To Dr. Roberts, with a China Jug.

DEAR DOCTOR,—This jug, which can't foam
with mild ale,
While you turn down its top so, to look at its tail,
Was *not* Toby Fillpot's—and yet on the whole,
It's as good as the jug of that thirsty old soul ;
For boozing about it will answer as well,
And when fill'd with my mixture will bear off the bell.
When you chance in the dog-days to sit at your ease,
A pint of sweet mountain, as old as you please,
With a bottle of iced soda-water allay,
Then of honest old “Stingo,” a pint pour away,
Pop in nutmeg, one slice from a cucumber cut,
And then drink till you're full as a Dorchester butt.
A body of friends should you long entertain,
And they empty it often—why, fill it again ;
Don't potter about Toby Fillpot's brown jug,
Say, “That for old Toby !—give me my white mug ;
It's sacred to friendship, white wine, and mild ale,”
So up with its mouth now and turn down its tail !

The Two M.P.'s.

(*Magazine Publisher and Member of Parliament.*)

BEING A TRUE AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE
GRAND MILLING MATCH THAT *DIDN'T* TAKE PLACE.

SAYS Tom Duncombe to Fraser
T'other morning, "I say, sir,
You've called me a *Roué*, a Dicer, and Racer ;
Now I'd have you to know, sir,
Such names are 'no go,' sir ;
By Jove, sir ! I never knew anything grosser.

"And then Madame Vestris
Extremely distrest is
At your calling her *Lais*. She's more like *Thalestris*,
As you'll find, my fine joker,
If you only provoke her,
She's a d—l if once she gets hold of a poker.

"For myself, to be candid,
And not underhanded,
I write thus to say, I'll be hang'd if I stand it.
So give up the name
Of the man or the dame
Who has made this infernal attack on my fame,

And recall what you've said of
A man you're afraid of,
Or, turn out, my Trump, and let's see what you're
made of.

"I have 'barkers' by Nock, sir,
With percussion locks, sir,
Will give you your gruel—hang me if I box, sir,
And I've sent my old Pal in,
My 'noble friend Allen,'
To give you this here, and to stop your caba'lling!"

Then says Fraser, says he,
"What a spoon you must be,
Tommy Duncombe, to send such a message to me.
Why, if I was to fight about
What my friends write about,
My life I should be in continual fright about!"

"As to telling you who
Wrote that thing about you,
One word's worth a thousand—Blow me if I do!
If you will be so gay, sir,
The people will say, sir,
That you are a *Roué*,—and I'm
Yours,

JEMMY FRASER."

Hines on the Birthday of Sir Thomas White.

(Founder of Merchant Taylors' School.)

THE ANNUAL TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

[Written for Master Thomas Haffenden, the author's nephew, as a copy of verses to be "shown up" on Founder's day. Whether they actually served the purpose I will not undertake to say.—ED.]

SIR THOMAS WHITE

Was a noble knight,
Extremely desirous of doing what's right ;
So he sat himself down one beautiful night,
When the moon shone so bright
That he asked for no light
Beyond that of her beams, and began to indite
His last will,—so remarkably good was his sight,—
And he charged and bound down his executors tight,
As soon as his soul should have taken its flight,
To erect a good school of proportionate height,
Length, and breadth—Suffolk Lane he proposed for its
site,
And its order what architects term Composite—
In which all such nice little good boys who might
At the date of their entrance have not attained quite

Their tenth year, should be brought up to read and to
write ;

Not to give way to spite,

Nor to quarrel nor fight,

But to show themselves always well-bred and polite,

Keep hands and face clean, and be decently dight

In clothes of a grave colour rather than bright—

At least not so light as remark to excite—

And to make Greek and Latin their chiefest delight ;

To be mild in demeanour, in morals upright ;

Not to kick, nor to bite,

Nor to pinch, nor affright

Each other by practical jokes, as at night

By aping a goblin, humgruffin, or sprite ;

And never to wrong of so much as a mite,

Or a bat, or a ball, or a hoop, or a kite,

Any poor little schoolfellow——Oh, what a plight

I am in after all—poor unfortunate wight !

I can't make my number of verses up quite ;

For my paper's expended,

My rhymes too are ended,

And I *can* write no more, for I've no more to write ;

So if a line short, I'm in hopes, Mister Bellamy

Will pity my case, and not cease to think well o' me.

The Coronation.

A VISION.

(Private and confidential.)

June 28, 1838.

I SAT within the Abbey walls—I went to wake and weep!

But O, I can't tell how it was, I somehow fell asleep;
A sort of *day-mare* seized me then, if so aright I deem,
And a vision wild came o'er my mind "which was not
all a dream."

I looked and lo! it seemed as though the scene I might
espy

Through a Dollond's patent telescope with the wrong end
at my eye,

And thus, as though a fairy hand there all things did
compress,

"Fine by degrees" each object seemed and "beautifully
less."

In front I saw a little Queen was sitting all alone,
And little Dukes and Duchesses knelt round her little
throne,

And a little Lord Archbishop came, and a little prayer he
said,

And then he popped a little crown upon her little head.

And near her stood a little man I had somewhere seen
before,

In a little mulberry-coloured coat, or rather Pompadour ;
A little sword was by his side, all glorious to be seen,
And little inexpressibles all of the apple-green.

And a pretty little snow-white flag he held all in his
hand.

Which he waved a little to and fro as ensign of com-
mand,

And there was a little robing-room and he stood just by
the door,

And he watched all going on within in his coat of Pom-
padour.

Within this little robing-room this little Queen had got
A little cup and saucer and a little coffee-pot,

And when the little Queen was heard her little nose to
blow,

He waved and all the little fiddlers played all on a row.

The little fiddlers played so loud at last that I awoke,
And all the vision wild at once it vanished into smoke,
So let us sing long live the Queen, and the flagman long
live he,

And when he next doth wave his flag, may I be there to
see !

A Song of Sixpence.

[A version of a correspondence which took place between Mr. Michael Blood and Mr. Winston, the Secretary of the Garrick Club, on the subject of a disputed charge of sixpence for "the table."]

No. I.

"**M**R. B—— sends his bill back—won't pay it—and
begs
To inform the Committee they're regular 'legs,'
And have charged him too much for his ham and his
eggs!"

No. II.

"Dear Sir—The Committee direct me to say
That the bill's quite correct which was sent you to-day;
It was not eight o'clock when you sat down to dine,
And we charge for the table from four until nine.
They have not the least wish your remonstrance to
stifle,
But you're wrong—and they'll thank you to pay that 'ere
trifle!
I am further desired to inform Mr. B——
That, in calling them 'legs,' he makes rather too free.
"J. W."

No. III.

“ You may tell that banditti, the —— Committee,
Not a chop-house would charge me so much in the City.
'Twas no dinner at all ; I meant only to sup ;
If you say that I *dined* you're a lying old pup !
You may tell the Committee again—and I say it,
They *are* ‘ legs ’—and sixpence !—I'm hanged if I pay it.
“ M. B.”

No. IV.

“ Sir—Once more the Committee direct me to state,
When you sat down to dinner it had not struck eight ;
When you come to consider what ‘ table ’ means here—
Cloth, napkin, wax, vinegar, mustard, oil, beer,
Pepper, pickles, and bread at discretion—it's clear
The additional sixpence can never be dear !
So you'd better fork out, sir, at once ; if you won't
They must really enforce it—and blessed if they don't !
“ J. W.”

No. V.

“ Take the sixpence, you thieves ! I say still it's a
chouse ;
Your threat to ‘ enforce ’ I don't value one ——
And hang me if I ever set foot in your house !
“ M. B.”

VI.

“Sir—Since writing my last I have asked the advice
Of my friends Mr. Bacon and Governor Price,
And the governor says ‘he’ll be —— sir’ if I’m
Not a jackass for writing what I thought sublime;
‘It’s just what the —— fellows wanted; you’d better
Get somebody else, sir, to write you a letter
Withdrawing your own.’ So I have, and I’ll thank
The Committee to mark that this comes by a frank.
“M. B.”

No. VII.

“Mr. Winston presents his best compliments—begs
To inform Mr. B—— he is somewhat mistaken
If, having got into his scrape by his eggs,
He thinks to get out of it now by his *Bacon* !

Advertisement.

(FEBRUARY 4TH, 1845.)

["Mr. Joseph J. B., once more I beg of you to call at Islington. Mr. Lee has been paid for Jessie, and everything that is due is also settled, of which I do not wish you to return one shilling. Do not be revengeful to me, for I have suffered bitterly. Pray see me once more. If I were to advertise your name with a description of your person, offering a handsome reward, I have no doubt I could trace you in England or abroad. God knows I do not want to injure you in any way, but see you I must. For your own sake, as well as my peace of mind, pray return immediately. Do not drive me to desperation." This advertisement was repeated almost daily from January 25th to February 3rd, 1845.]

MR. Joseph J. B.,
I have paid Mr. Lee

For Jessie, and all that is due,
Of which I am willing
Not one single shilling
Shall e'er be repaid me by you.

We have suffered, J. J. B.,
Both I and the baby,
Oh, don't let revenge be your plan!
But knock at my door,
Pray see me once more—
Come to Islington, that's a dear man!

Should I advertise
Your height, person, and size,
And your name too, I have not a doubt,
That wherever you roam,
Abroad or at home,
J. J. B., you'd soon be found out !

I don't in the least
Want to hurt you—you beast !
But mind, J. J. B., and beware !
For your own sake and mine
Come to-morrow and dine,
And don't drive me on to despair !
J. J.

Hermann, or the Broken Spear.

[A Drama produced at the English Opera House in 1834.]

AN Emperor famous in council and camp,
Has a son who turns out a remarkable scamp ;
Takes to dicing and drinking,
And d—mning and sinking,
And carries off maids, wives, and widows, like winking !
Since the days of Arminius, his namesake, than Hermann
There never was seen a more profligate German.

He escapes from the City,
And joins some banditti,
Insensible quite to remorse, fear, and pity ;
Joins in all their carousals, and revels, and robberies,
And in kicking up all sorts of shindies and bobberies.
Well, hearing one day
His associates say
That a bridal procession was coming their way,
Inflamed with desire, he
Breaks into a priory,
And kicking out every man Jack of a friar, he
Upsets in a twinkling the mass-books and hassocks,
And dresses his rogues in the clergyman's cassocks.
The new married folks
Taken in by this hoax,
Mister Hermann grows frisky and full of his jokes :
To the serious chagrin of her late happy suitor,
Catching hold of the Bride, he attempts to salute her :
Now Heaven knows what
Had become of the lot,
It's Turtle to Tripe they'd have all gone to pot—
If a dumb Lady, one
Of her friends, had not run
To her aid, and, quite scandaliz'd, stopp'd all his fun !
Just conceive what a caper
He cut, when her taper

Long fingers scrawled this upon whitey-brown paper
(At the instant he seized, and before he had kiss'd her)—
“Ha’ done, Mister Hermann ! for shame ! it’s your
sister !”

His hair stands on end—he desists from his tricks,
And remains in “a pretty particular fix.”

As he knows Sir John Nicholl *

Still keeps rods in pickle,

Offences of this kind severely to tickle,

At so near an escape from his court and its sentence

His eyes fill with tears, and his breast with repentance ;

So, picking and stealing,

And unrighteous dealing,

Of all sorts, he cuts, from this laudable feeling :

Of wickedness weary

With many a tear, he

Now takes a French leave of the vile *Condottieri* ;

And the next thing we hear of this penitent villain,

He is begging in rags in the suburbs of Milan.

Half-starved, meagre, and pale,

His energies fail,

When his sister comes in with a pot of mild ale :

But though tatter’d his jerkins

His heart is whole—workings

Of conscience debar him from “Barclay and Perkins,”

* Judge of the Court of Arches .

“ I’ll drink,” exclaims he,
“ Nothing stronger than tea,
And that but the worst and the weakest Bohea,
Till I’ve done—from my past scenes of folly a far actor—
Some feat shall redeem both my wardrobe and character.”
At signs of remorse so decided and visible
Nought can equal the joy of his fair sister Isabel,
And the Dumb Lady too,
Who runs off to a Jew
And buys him a coat of mail spick and span new,
In the hope that his prowess and deeds as a Knight
Will keep his late larcenies quite out of sight.
By the greatest good luck, his old friends the banditti
Choose this moment to make an attack on the city !
Now you all know the way
Heroes hack, hew, and slay,
When once they get fairly mix’d up in a fray :
Hermann joins in the *mélée*,
Pounds this to a jelly,
Runs that through the back, and a third through the belly,
Till many a broken bone, bruised rib, and flat head,
Make his *ci-devant* friends curse the hour that he ratted.
Amid so many blows,
Of course you’ll suppose
He must get a black eye, or at least bloody nose :
“ Take that!” cried a bandit, and struck, while he spoke it,

His spear in his breast, and in pulling out broke it.
Hermann fainted away
When, as breathless he lay,
A rascal claimed all the renown of the day ;
A recreant, cowardly, white-livered knight,
Who had skulked in a furze bush the whole of the fight.
But the Dumb Lady soon
Put some gin in a spoon,
And half strangles poor Hermann, who wakes from his
swoon,
And exhibits his wound, when the head of the spear
Fits its handle, and makes his identity clear.
The murder thus out, Hermann's *fêted* and thanked,
While his rascally rival gets tossed in a blanket :
And to finish the play—
As reformed rakes, they say,
Make the best of all husbands—the very same day
Hermann sends for a priest, as he must wed with some—lady,
Buys a ring and a licence, and marries the Dumb Lady.

MORAL.

Take warning, young people of every degree,
From Hermann's example, and don't live too free !
If you get in bad company, fly from it soon ;
If you chanced to get thrash'd, take some gin in a spoon ;
And remember, since wedlock's not *all* sugar-candy ;
If you wish to 'scape "wiggling," a dumb wife's the dandy !

Hints for an Historical Play;

TO BE CALLED

WILLIAM RUFUS; OR, THE RED ROVER.

[Produced at Drury Lane Theatre.]

ACT I.

WALTER TYRRELL, the son of a Norman Papa,
Has, somehow or other, a Saxon Mamma :
Though humble, yet far above mere vulgar loons,
He's a sort of a sub in the Rufus dragoons ;
Has travelled, but comes home abruptly, the rather
That some unknown rascal has murder'd his Father ;
And scarce has he pick'd out, and stuck in his quiver,
The arrow that pierced the old gentleman's liver,
When he finds, as misfortunes come rarely alone,
That his sweetheart has bolted — with whom is not
known.

But, as murder will out, he at last finds the lady
At court with her character grown rather shady :
This gives him the " blues," and impairs the delight
He'd have otherwise felt, when they dub him a Knight,
For giving a runaway stallion a check,
And preventing his breaking King Rufus's neck.

ACT II.

Sir Walter has dress'd himself up like a Ghost,
And frightens a soldier away from his post ;
Then, discarding his helmet, he pulls his cloak higher,
Draws it over his ears and pretends he's a Friar.
This gains him access to his sweetheart, Miss Faucit ;
But, the King coming in, he hides up in her closet ;
Where oddly enough, among some of her things,
He discovers some arrows he's sure are the King's,
Of the very same pattern with that which he found
Sticking into his father when dead on the ground !
Forgetting his funk, he bursts open the door,
Bounces into the Drawing-room, stamps on the floor,
With an oath on his tongue, and revenge in his eye,
And blows up King William the Second, sky-high ;
Swears, storms, shakes his fist, and exhibits such airs,
That his Majesty bids his men kick him down stairs.

ACT III.

King Rufus is cross when he comes to reflect,
That, as King, he's been treated with gross disrespect ;
So he pens a short note to a holy physician,
And gives him a rather unholy commission,
Viz., to mix up some arsenic and ale in a cup,
Which the chances are Tyrrell may find and drink up.

Sure enough, on the very next morning, Sir Walter
Perceives in his walks this same cup on the altar.
As he feels rather thirsty, he's just about drinking,
When Miss Faucit in tears comes in running like winking ;
He pauses of course, and, as she's thirsty too,
Says, very politely, " Miss, I after you ! "
The young lady curtsies, and being so dry,
Raises somehow her fair little finger so high,
That there's not a drop left him to " wet t'other eye ; "
While the dose is so strong, to his grief and surprise,
She merely says, " Thankee, Sir Walter, " and dies.
At that moment the King, who is riding to cover,
Pops in *en passant* on the desperate lover,
Who has vow'd, not five minutes before, to transfix him,
—So he does—he just pulls out his arrow and sticks him.
From the strength of his arm, and the force of his blows,
The Red-bearded Rover falls flat on his nose ;
And Sir Walter, thus having concluded his quarrel,
Walks down to the foot-lights, and draws this fine moral:—

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,

Lead sober lives :—

Don't meddle with other folks' Sweethearts or Wives,
When you go out a-sporting, take care of your gun,
And—never shoot elderly people in fun ! ”

Marie Mignot.

[A Drama produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1836.]

MISS MARIE MIGNOT was a nice little Maid,
Her Uncle a Cook, and a Laundress her trade ;
And she loved as dearly as any one can
Monsieur Lagardie, a nice little man.

But Oh ! But Oh !

Story of woe !

A sad interloper, one Monsieur Modeau,
Ugly and old,
With plenty of gold,
Made his approach
In an elegant coach ;

Her fancy was charmed with the splendour and show,
And he bore off the false-hearted Molly Mignot.

Monsieur Modeau was crazy and old,
And Monsieur Modeau caught a terrible cold,
His nose was stuffed, and his throat was sore,
He had physic by the quart and Doctors by the score.

They sent squills

And pills,

And very long bills,

And all they could do did not make him get well,
He sounded his M's and his N's like an L.

A shocking bad cough

At last took him off,

And Monsieur Lagardie, her former young beau,
Came a courting again to the Widow Modeau.

Monsieur Lagardie, to gain him *éclat*,
Had cut the Cook's shop and followed the law ;
And when Monsieur Modeau set out on his journey,
Was Articled Clerk to a Special Attorney.

He gave her a call

On the day of a ball,

To which she'd invited the court, camp and all ;

But "poor dear Lagardie,"

Again was too tardy,

For a Marshal of France

Had just asked her to dance ;

In a twinkling, the *ci-devant* Madame Modeau
Was wife of the Marshal Lord Marquis Dinot.

Monsieur Lagardie was shocked at the news,
And went and enlisted at once in the Blues.

The Marquis Dinot

Felt a little so so—

Took physic, grew worse, and had "notice to go"—
He died, and was shelved, and his Lady so gay

Smiled again on Lagardie, now placed on full pay,
A Swedish Field Marshal with a guinea a day ;
 When an old Ex-King
 Just showed her the ring :
To be Queen, she conceived was a very fine thing ;
 But the King turned a Monk,
 And Lagardie got drunk.
And said to the Lady with a deal of ill-breeding,
" You may go to the d——I and I'll go to Sweden."
 Thus between the two stools,
 Like some other fools,
 Her Ladyship found
 Herself plump on the ground ;
So she cried, and she stamped, and she sent for a hack,
And she drove to a convent and never came back.

MORAL.

Wives, Maidens, and Widows, attend to my lay !
If a fine moral lesson you'd draw from a play,
 To the Haymarket go
 And see " Marie Mignot,"
Miss Kelly plays Marie, and Williams Modeau ;
 Mrs. Glover and Vining
 Are really quite shining,
 And though Thompson for a Marquis,
 Has almost too much carcass.

Yet it's not fair to pass him or
John Cooper's Cassimir,
And the piece would be barren
Without Mr. Farren ;
No matter, go there, and they'll teach you the guilt
Of coquetting and ogling, and playing the jilt,
Such folks gallop awhile, but at last they get spilt ;
Had Molly Mignot
Behaved *comme il faut*,
Nor married the Lawyer, nor Marquis Dinot,
She had ne'er been a nun, whose fare very hard is,
But the mother of half-a-score little Lagardies.

**Sum and Substance of a New Domestic
Tragedy.**

[A Tragedy by Alfred Bunn, produced at Drury Lane in 1836.]

ACT I.

THE Duchess of ORMOND, rich, comely, and fat,
Is in love with a man in a "shocking bad hat ;"
And the Duke coming home from a ball, about two,
Finds the man in her bedroom, and says, "Who are
you ?"

Says he, " My name's MORTIMER, I am an old beau
Of her Grace, ere you married her, three years ago !"
Says the Duke, " We were married in France, so, of
course,
I must go back to France then, and get a divorce."

ACT II.

Four years have elapsed, and, released from her vows,
The Duchess is now Mr. Mortimer's spouse,
And her happiness has but this single alloy—
Mr. Mortimer don't like the Duke's little boy ;
So catching, one day, the young gentleman tripping,
He seizes him rudely, and gives him a whipping :
Mrs. Mortimer grows very angry, and sends
Master Charles, that same afternoon, home to his friends.

ACT III.

Six months more are gone, and the Duke is preparing
To take his son with him to France, for an airing ;
And poor Mrs. Mortimer, hearing of this,
Steps across to the garden to give him a kiss ;
Mr. Mortimer follows, and, being so tall,
Has no very great trouble in climbing the wall :

The Duke, spying him out, asks again, "Who are you?"

Mr. Mortimer says, "Here are pistols for two!"

"By all means," says his Grace, "it's no bad way of thanking

Your Worship for giving my boy such a spanking!"

So each cocks his pistol, and no more is said,

But the Duke sends a bullet through Mortimer's head,

And they let down the curtain the moment he's dead!

FAMILY POETRY.

Dick's Long-Tailed Coat.

“Modo sumpta veste virili.”—HORACE.

ZOOKS! I must woo the muse to-day,
Though line before I'd never wrote.
Ask you what theme demands the lay?—
OUR DICK HAS GOT A LONG-TAIL'D COAT!

Not the coatee which soldiers wear,
Tight button'd up beneath the throat,
But easy,—flowing,—*debonnaire* ;—
In short, a *civil* Long-tail'd Coat!

One smarter you'll not find in town,
Cut by Nugee, that Snip of note ;—
A very quiet olive-brown
's the colour of Dick's Long-tail'd Coat!

Gay jackets clothe the stately Pole,
The proud Hungarian, and the Croat,
Yet Esterhazy, on the whole,
Looks smartest in a Long-tail'd Coat.

Lord Byron most admired, we know,
The Albanian dress, or Suliote ;
But he lived much abroad, and so
He never saw Dick's Long-tail'd Coat.

Or else that noble Poet's theme
Had never been the "White Capote,"
Had he once view'd, in Fancy's dream,
The glories of Dick's Long-tail'd Coat.

We also know on Highland Kilt
Poor dear Glengarry* used to dote,
And had esteem'd it actual guilt
I' the Gael to wear a Long-tail'd Coat.

And well it might his eyes annoy ;
Monkbarns himself could never quote
"Sir Robert Sibbald," "Gordon," "Roy,"
Or "Stukely," for a Long-tail'd Coat !

But though the fleet red deer to chase,
Or guide o'er Highland loch the boat,
A jacket's well enough—for grace
There's nothing like Dick's Long-tail'd Coat.

* Macdonnell of Glengarry, popularly called "the last of the chiefs," from his adherence to the old state and costume.

Of course, in climbing up a tree,
On *terra firma*, or afloat,
To mount the giddy topmast, he
Would doff awhile his Long-tail'd Coat.

Then whence that supercilious sneer?—
From out your own eye pull the mote,
Fastidious Critic!—did *you* ne'er
In youth admire *your* Long-tail'd Coat?

Oh, "Dick's scarce old enough," you mean?
Why, though too young to have a vote,
Or make a will, yet sure Fifteen
's a ripe age for a Long-tail'd Coat!

What!—would you have him sport a chin
Like Colonel Sibthorp, or a goat,
Before you think he should begin
To figure in a Long-tail'd Coat?

Suppose he visits France—can he
Sit down at any *table-d'hôte*
With any sort of decency,
Unless he's got a Long-tail'd Coat.

E'en Louis Philippe, Royal Cit,
There soon may be a *sans-culotte*,
And Nugent's self must then admit
The advantage of a Long-tail'd Coat.

Things are not now as when, of yore,
In tower encircled by a moat,
Each lion-hearted chieftain wore
A corslet—not a Long-tail'd Coat.

Chain-mail his portly form embraced,
Not like a weazel or a stoat,
“Cribb'd and confined” about the waist,
And pinch'd in like Dick's Long-tail'd Coat.

With beaming spear or biting axe
To right and left he thrust and smote.
Ah! what a change! no sinewy thwacks
Fall from a modern Long-tail'd Coat!

To stalwart knights, a puny race
Succeeds,—with locks *en papillote*,—
While cuirass, cuisses, greaves, give place
To silk-net “Tights” and Long-tail'd Coat!

Worse changes still! now, well-a-day!
A few cant phrases learnt by rote,
Each beardless booby spouts away,
A Solon in a Long-tail'd Coat!

Prates of the “March of Intellect,”
The “Schoolmaster”—a *Patriote*
So noble who could e'er suspect
Had just put on his Long-tail'd Coat!

Alack ! alack ! that every thick-
skull'd lad must find an antidote
For England's woes, because, like Dick,
He has put on a Long-tail'd Coat !

But, lo ! my rhymes begin to fail,
Nor dare I longer time devote !
Thus Rhyme and Time cut off the tale—
The long tale—of DICK'S LONG-TAIL'D COAT !

My Letters.

“*Litera scripta manet.*”—OLD SAW.

ANOTHER mizzling, drizzling day !
Of clearing up there's no appearance ;
So I'll sit down without delay,
And here, at least, I'll make a clearance !

Oh, ne'er “ on such a day as this ”
Would Dido, with her woes oppressèd,
Have wooed Æneas back to bliss,
Or Troilus gone to hunt for Cressid !

No, they'd have stay'd at home, like me,
And popp'd their toes upon the fender,
And drank a quiet cup of tea ;—
On days like this one can't be tender.

So, Molly, draw that basket nigher,
And put my desk upon the table ;
Bring that portfolio—stir the fire—
Now off, as fast as you are able !

First here's a card from Mrs. Grimes,
“A ball !”—she knows that I'm no dancer ;
That woman's asked me fifty times,
And yet I never send an answer.

“DEAR JACK,—
Just lend me twenty pounds,
Till Monday next, when I'll return it.
Yours truly,
HENRY GIBBS.”
Why Z—ds !
I've seen the man but twice—here, burn it.

One from my cousin Sophy Daw—
Full of Aunt Margery's distresses ;
“The Cat has kitten'd in ‘the *draw*,’
And ruin'd two bran-new silk dresses.”

From Sam,* "The Chancellor's motto,"—nay
 Confound his puns, he knows I hate 'em ;
"Pro Rege, Lege, Grege,"—Ay,
 "For King read Mob !" Brougham's old *erratum*.

From Seraphina Price—"At two"—
 "Till then I can't, my dearest John, stir ;"
Two more because I did not go,
 Beginning, "Wretch !" and "Faithless Monster !"

"DEAR SIR,—
 This morning Mrs. P——,
 Who's doing quite as well as may be,
Presented me, at half-past three
 Precisely, with another baby.

"We'll name it John, and know with pleasure
 You'll stand"—five guineas more, confound it !—
I wish they'd call it Nebuchadnezzar,
 Or thrown it in the Thames and drown'd it.

* Samuel Rogers. It was the fashion to credit the poet, who was said to hate punning, with all the bad jokes of the day. Theodore Hook set the example in the 'John Bull.'

What have we next ? A civil Dun :

“ John Brown would take it as a favour ”—
Another, and a surlier one,
“ I can’t put up with sich behaviour.”

“ Bill so long standing ”—“ quite tired out,”—
“ Must sit down to insist on payment,”
“ Call’d ten times,”—Here’s a fuss about
A few coats, waistcoats, and small raiment !

For once I’ll send an answer, and in-
-form Mr. Snip he needn’t “ call ” so ;
But when his bill’s as “ tired of standing ”
As he is, beg ’twill “ sit down also.”

This from my rich old Uncle Ned,
Thanking me for my annual present ;
And saying he last Tuesday wed
His cook-maid, Molly—vastly pleasant !

An ill-spelt note from Tom at school,
Begging I’ll let him learn the fiddle ;
Another from that precious fool,
Miss Pyefinch, with a stupid riddle.

“ D’ye give it up ? ” indeed I do !
Confound these antiquated minxes ;
I won’t play “ Billy Black ” to a “ Blue,”
Or *Œdipus* to such old sphinxes.

A note sent up from Kent to show me,
Left with my bailiff, Peter King ;
“ I’ll burn them precious stacks down, blow me !
“ Yours most sincerely,
“ CAPTAIN SWING.”

Four begging letters with petitions,
One from my sister Jane, to pray
I’ll “ execute a few commissions ”
In Bond Street, “ when I go that way.”

“ And buy at Pearsal’s in the City
Twelve skeins of silk for netting purses :
Colour no matter, so it’s pretty ;—
Two hundred pens ”—two hundred curses !

From Mistress Jones : “ My little Billy
Goes up his schooling to begin ;
Will you just step to Piccadilly,
And meet him when the coach comes in ?

“ And then, perhaps, you will as well, see
The poor dear fellow safe to school
At Dr. Smith’s, in Little Chelsea ! ”
Heaven send he flog the little fool !

From Lady Snooks : " Dear Sir, you know
You promised me last week a Rebus ;
A something smart and *apropos*
For my new Album ! " Aid mē, Phœbus !

" My first is follow'd by my second ;
Yet should my first my second see,
A dire mishap it would be reckon'd,
And sadly shock'd my first would be.

" Were I but what my whole implies,
And pass'd by chance across your portal :
You'd cry, ' Can I believe my eyes ?
I never saw so queer a mortal ! ' "

" For then my head would not be on,
My arms their shoulders must abandon ;
My very body would be gone,
I should not have a leg to stand on."

Come, that's despatch'd—what follows ? Stay ;
" Reform demanded by the nation ;
Vote for Tagrag and Bobtail ! " Ay,
By Jove ! a blessed Reformation !

Jack, clap the saddle upon Rose—
Or no ! the filly—she's the fleeter ;
The devil take the rain—here goes,
I'm off—a plumper for Sir Peter !

The Country Seat.

SUMMER HILL—near Tunbridge, the seat formerly of the Lord Muskerry, and now (1833) of James Alexander, Esq. The noble proprietor (Muskerry, not Alexander) entertained Charles the Second and his whole court here—*teste* John Britton, whose valuable history of Tunbridge Wells consult for an account of *Lord Chancellor Mansfield*, and the inhuman Judge Jeffries, who disgraced himself so *at the trial of Charles the First*, as the worthy antiquary asserts, in direct contradiction to those who maintain that the name of the regicide president was Bradshaw, and that he was afterwards married to Miss Mary Anne Tree, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.—(T. I.)

[The passage alluded to above runs as follows :—"One of the houses on Mount Ephraim, adjoining the Tunbridge ware manufactory, belonged to Judge Jeffries, a man who has rendered his name infamous in the annals of history by the cruelty and injustice he manifested at the trial of King Charles I."—"Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells." J. Britton. 1832. P. 39.]

O SUMMER HILL ! if thou wert mine
I'd order in a pipe of wine,
And ask a dozen friends to dine !

In faith, I would not spare the guineas,
But send for Pag—and other—ninnies,
Flutes, hautboys, fiddles, pipes, and tabors,
Hussars with moustaches and sabres,

Quadrilles, and that grand waltz of Weber's,
And give a dance to all my neighbours ;
And here I'd sit and quaff my fill
Among the trees of Summer Hill.

Then, with pleased eye, careering slowly
O'er beech-crown'd ridge and valley lowly,
We'd drain a cup to thee, Old Rowley !—
To thee, and to thy courtly train,
Once tenants of this fair domain,
Soft Stewart, haughtiest Castlemaine.
Pert Nelly Gwynne, gay Molly Davis,
And many another *Rara Avis*.
E'en now, 'midst yonder leafy glade,
Methinks I see thy royal shade
In amplitude of wig array'd ;
Near thee, thy rival in peruke,
Stands Buckingham's uproarious Duke,
With Tory Hamilton and Killegrew,
And Rochester, that rake till ill he grew ;
When, to amend his life and turn it,
He firmly promised Dr. Burnet—
In time, let's hope, to make old Nicholas,
Still watching for our sins to tickle us,
Lose all his pains, and look ridiculous.

With visage rather grave than merry,
See, too, thy noble host Muskerry
Leads forth,—to crown and end the stanza,
Thy consort, Catharine of Braganza.

Oh, Alexander ! loftier far
Now culminates thy natal star,
Than his of old, mine ancient crony,
Thy namesake, erst of Macedony
(Unrivall'd,—save, perhaps, by Boney).
Oh, happier far, in thy degree,
Art thou, although a conqueror he,
Whilst thou art but an Ex-M.P.
Oh, happier far ! propitious Fate,
Making thee lord of this estate,
Dubb'd *thee* in verity “The Great ;”
Yea, far more blest, my Alexander,
Art thou than that renowned commander !

Thou ne'er was led through wanton revelling
Those sylvan scenes to play the devil in,
And I, for one, shouldst thou invite us,
Would never dread the fate of Clytus ;
For midst these shades, so loved by Grammont,
Thou never yet thy friends did gammon,
By calling of thyself “ Young Ammon.”

No frolic dame of easy virtue,
E'er made you drink enough to hurt you ;
And then, with impudence amazing,
Bade you set house and all a-blazing
('Tis hard to say which works the quicker
To make folks noodles—love or liquor ;
But oh, it is a fearsome thing,
When both combine to make a king
Descend to play the part of Swing !)
I dare be sworn thou dost not sigh,
Much less put finger in thine eye,
For other worlds,—no, Alexander,
I know thou art not such a gander ;
This is thy globe—here "*toujours gai*,"
Thy motto still—though, well-a-day !
Old Sarum's put in Schedule A.

O Summer, Summer, Summer Hill !
Fain would I gaze and linger still—
But, ah ! the moon her silver lamp
Upresents, the grass is getting damp—
And hark ! the curfew's distant knell,
Is told by Doctor Knox's bell—
I go, to join my wife and daughters,
Drinking those nasty-tasted waters.

O Summer Hill ! retreat divine !
 Ah me ! I cannot but repine
 Thou art not,—never will be mine—
 I haven't even got the wine !

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Sept. 30, 1833.

The Sheriff's Ball.

“Raphael, the sociable spirit.”—MILTON.

“HERE'S glorious news !” cried Cousin Jack,
 One Sunday, in a morning call
 He made about a twelvemonth back—
 “The Sheriff's going to give a Ball !”

Up started Jane, and I, and Bess ;
 One general rapture seized us all ;
 “Pink satin shoes,”—“kid gloves,”—“lace dress,”—
 “That angel, Raphael, gives a Ball !”

The ‘Sunday Times’ has got it in,
 The ‘John Bull,’ too, in pica small,
 The ‘Age,’ th’ ‘Observer,’ all begin
 To talk of Sheriff Raphael's Ball !

And Pa's a livery-man, you know,
Of Bassishaw by London Wall,
And so, of course, we all shall go
To Mister Sheriff Raphael's Ball !

Next day Ma sent our porter, Bill,
To call a coach to take us all
To Ellis's on Ludgate Hill,
To shop for Sheriff Raphael's Ball !

There she, resolving to look nice,
Bought for herself a Cashmere shawl,
A Toque, and Bird of Paradise,
To wear at Sheriff Raphael's Ball !

And Betsey bought the sweetest things,
The last consignment from Bengal,
All green-and-gold and beetles' wings,
To be the pride of Raphael's Ball !

And Jane, a new white satin slip,
And I, because I'm rather tall,
A sky-blue China crape, to trip
Away in at the Sheriff's Ball !

And Cousin Jack, who's so genteel,
Before he went, engaged us all
To dance with him the new quadrille,
And waltz, at Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

Oh how we teased Madame de Lolme,
And Ma'amselle Victorine St. Paul,
"—Pray don't forget to send all home,
In time for Sheriff Raphael's Ball ! "

'Twas all prepared—gloves, bouquets, shoes,
And dresses—Jane's a thought too small ;—
But ah ! no Jack announced the news,
" To-morrow's Sheriff Raphael's Ball ! "

At length he comes ! in eager haste
His stock and plaited frill we maul—
Never was man so close embraced—
O, Jack ! WHEN'S Sheriff Raphael's Ball ? "

" Why, really—I—that is—the day
Precisely "—with his Bond Street drawl
Cries Jack—" I can't *exactly* say
What day is fixed for Raphael's Ball ;

" But he who fills the civic chair,
I find, has promised him Guildhall,
So ten to one the new Lord Mayor
Will dance at Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

For though my Lord's a Tory true,
And Raphael's but a Radi-cal,
Yet politics have nought to do,
You know, with any Sheriff's Ball !

And Mr. Pearson * will be there,
With Galloway from Codger's Hall,
And all the Lumber Troop,"—"Oh dear !
I long for Sheriff Raphael's Ball !

"For there will be Sir John,† whose son
At sixteen thought for place too small,
Grew up, in one night, to twenty-one,—
He'll come to Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

"And Michael Scales will doff his steel,
And quit his snug Whitechapel stall,
Blue apron, block, and donkey veal,‡
To dance at Sheriff Raphael's Ball."

At morn, at eve, that livelong week,
And e'en when night her sable pall
Had spread around, no tongue could speak
Of aught save Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

* City Solicitor.

† Sir John Key,—twice Lord Mayor of London,—who had recently fallen into some trifling error in the computation of his son's age.

‡ An allusion to a practical joke (not generally appreciated) perpetrated by the worthy Alderman, who killed, dressed, and exposed in his shop a jackass, and pleasantly passed it off as veal.

Nay, not our waking thoughts alone,
Our midnight dreams could we recall,
Ma, Jane, and Betsey, all would own,
They were of Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

* * * *

Time flies—three months are gone—again
Our Cousin Jack repeats his call—
“What news?” exclaims th’ impatient train,
“What news of Sheriff Raphael's Ball?”

Jack shakes his head—“Alack!” cries he,
—His tones our very hearts appal—
“He’s striving to become M.P.,
And must perforce put off his Ball!”

* * * *

Spring flies away—and summer, then
The autumn leaves begin to fall,
“O Jack! in pity tell us, when,
Oh *when* is Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

“O’er Jane’s white slip a bilious hue
By slow degrees begins to crawl—
A yellowish tint invades my blue—
’Twill fade ere Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

“And poor Mamma!—although her part
The philosophic Ma’am de Staël
Could not more firmly play—her heart
In secret yearns for Raphael's Ball.”

On leaden wings November flies,
And more disasters still befall.
In rushes Jack—"Alas!" he cries,
"No hopes of Sheriff Raphael's Ball!"

"For oh! there has been such a breeze,
A breeze that, freshening to a squall,
Became a hurricane.—Agrees
A whirlwind with a Sheriff's Ball?"

"Jane! Betsey! Sue!—that shocking man—
He with the tail—who loves a brawl!
That horrid, ranting, roaring Dan,*
Has upset Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

"The 'blunt'—the 'stuff'—the 'rhino'—ay,
Two thousand pounds! a glorious haul!
A sum which had gone near to pay
The whole expense of Raphael's Ball!!"

* In 1835, the elections for the county of Carlow having been declared void, Mr. Raphael bargained with O'Connell for a seat at the price of £2000; the latter assuring that he would never again meet with so safe a speculation. The particulars of the engagement were made public in consequence of a quarrel which took place between O'Connell and the candidate, who was unseated on petition, and whose defence was abandoned—contrary to the agreement, as he averred—by the "Liberator."

“ But ’tis done—all words are idle ! ”

(So sang Byron in his yawl)

And we now perforce must bridle

Each fond wish for Raphael’s Ball !

And yet the Gloves—the Crape—the Toque—

The spangled muslin from Nepaul !

—Oh, it would e’en a saint provoke

Thus diddled out of Raphael’s Ball !

Shame on their heads ! but Dan on thine

Our heaviest maledictions fall —

Pa’s, Ma’s, Jane’s, Betsey’s, Jack’s, and mine,

Thou Thalaba of Raphael’s Ball !!

The Confession.

THERE’S somewhat on my breast, father,
There’s somewhat on my breast !

The livelong day I sigh, father,

And at night I cannot rest.

I cannot take my rest, father,

Though I would fain do so ;

A weary weight oppreseth me—

This weary weight of woe.

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor want of worldly gear ;
My lands are broad, and fair to see,
My friends are kind and dear.
My kin are leal and true, father,
They mourn to see my grief ;
But oh ! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
Can give my heart relief !

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
'Tis not that she's unkind ;
Tho' busy flatterers swarm around,
I know her constant mind.
'Tis not her coldness, father,
That chills my labouring breast ;
It's that confounded cucumber
I've eat and can't digest.

The Drawing Room.

O H! we're a' nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh! we're a' nodding at our house to-day ;
There's my wife and my daughter,
My sister and my mother,
They're a' deck'd out in plumes,
And they're nodding at each other,
For the Birthday's come,
And her Majesty the Queen
Holds a Drawing Room, and all of us
Are anxious to be seen ;
And we're a' nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh! we're a' nodding at our house to-day.

There's plump Mrs. Jukes,
From Great St. Helen's Place,
Has got a dress of Llama, richly
' Trimm'd with Urling's lace.'
Miss Jones has got a ' Colonnade
Dress,' ending in a flounce,
Superbly trimm'd with silver spangles,
Half-a-crown an ounce !
And they're both nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh! they're both nodding at our house to-day.

Lady Sims has got a 'white tulle dress'
Adorn'd with 'flowers and blonde,'
Above a 'satin petticoat'
'With sleeves to correspond,'
'A coronet of feathers, with
Blonde lappets,' on her head,
And she looks just like a shuttlecock
Upon a feather bed!
And she's nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh! she's nodding at our house to-day.

Mrs. Snooks has got a robe,
'Fitted nicely to her shape,'
With charming 'silver sprigs,' all
'Embroider'd on white crape ;'
Sally Wilkins sports a train,
All so gorgeous to behold,
Of 'vapeur terre velvet,' and
'Embroider'd round with gold ;'
And they're nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh! they too are nodding at our house to-day.

There's Sir Claudius, with his chain
Twisted twice about his throat,
And very odd it looks upon
A Colonel's scarlet coat ;

There's my Lord Mayor, Key,
With his collar, but no gown,
His sword has got between his legs,
Oh, dear ! he'll tumble down !
For he's nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh ! he too is nodding at our house to-day.

Come, they're all off at last
To St. James's, in their carriages,
I hope they won't come back again
To our house to-day ;
For my head's completely bothered with
' Presentations,' ' Court,' and ' Marriages,'
I'm sure I cannot understand
One half of what they say !
For they call it ' Coming out,'
When I thought 'twas ' Going in,'
And they talk of ' Lamas,' ' Tulle,' and ' Toque,'
' Brocade,' and ' Pelerine ;'
Of ' Blonde, Drap à la Sévigné,'
' Mantillas,' and ' Manteaus,'
And ' garnitures of rich Chenille,'
And ' Slips *couleur de rose* ;'
And we're all bother'd, both-both-bother'd,
Oh ! we're all bother'd at our house to-day.

Now, what's the '*couleur immortelle*,'
I'm sure I cannot guess,
Though I dare say there'll be plenty at
The Opera to-night,
With '*corsages trimm'd à la cour*,'
And '*Cherry tissue dress*,'
And '*Beret sleeves, with blond sabets*,'
And '*vert pomme, over white* ;'
There's Polly Sprigs, dress'd *à la Grecque*,
With '*grenat velvet train* '
And '*epaulettes*,' will never speak
To Peter Dobbs again ;
While Sally Maggs, in satin '*torsad*,'
Will not give a nod
To Mister Perkins, in the pit,
Who thinks it very odd ;
For he'll keep nodding, mid-nid-nodding,
Oh ! he'll keep nodding at the Opera to-night.

I'm sure I shall be very glad
When once they're all undrest,
And their '*Pomeran velours épinglé*
Trains ' are stow'd away ;
These '*ruches*,' '*manches*,' '*slips*,' and '*toques*,'
Have rather broke my rest ;

For though they're all 'so cheap,' I doubt
There'll be a deal to pay.
But my wife says "No!
We can't always stay at home,
And we must do as Romans do
Whenever we're at Rome!"
And her head keeps nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh! her head keeps nodding at me, till she has her
way.

To Jerry.

JERRY, my cat,
What the deuce are you at?
What makes you so restless? You're sleek and you're fat,
And you've everything cosy about you—now that
Soft rug you are lying on beats any mat;
Your coat's smooth as silk,
You've plenty of milk,
You've the fish-bones for dinner, and always o' nights
For supper you know you've a penn'orth o' lights!
Jerry, my cat,
What the deuce are you at?
What is it, my Jerry, that fidgets you so?
What is it you're wanting?

(Jerry) Moll roe! Moll roe!

Oh, don't talk to me of such nonsense as that !
 You've been always a very respectable cat ;
 As the Scotch would say, " Whiles "
 You've been out on the tiles ;
 But you've sown your wild oats, and you very well know
 You're no longer a kitten.

(Jerry) Moll roe ! Moll roe !

Well, Jerry, I'm really concerned for your case ;
I've been young, and can fancy myself in your place :
Time has been I've stood
By the edge of the wood,
And have mew'd—that is, whistled, a sound just as good ;
But we're both of us older, my cat, as you know,
And I hope are grown wiser.

(Jerry) Moll roe ! Moll roe !

Lines on the Tom Cat.

OF all sorts of nuisances people complain,
Of a pewterer's shop, of a soap-cart, or drain,
But no such annoyance I've heard of or read,
As a nasty Tom Cat with a cold in his head.

For all the day long he is coughing and sneezing,
He makes believe purr, but it's only a wheezing,
And you hear too at night, snuffing under your bed,
That nasty Tom Cat with a cold in his head !

He mews in the morning for muffin and milk,
He sniffs upon cotton, he sniffs upon silk,
He jumps on the table and sniffs on the bread,
That nasty Tom Cat with a cold in his head !

He cocks up his tail and he gives it a lick,
And he makes such a noise that he makes himself sick.
Oh Tom ! such proceedings are very ill bred,
You nasty Tom Cat with a cold in your head !

If you happen to ask who's been licking that dish,
Who has upset the butter, or stolen the fish,
Mary Anne will inform you, and so too will Ned,
“ 'Tis that nasty Tom Cat with a cold in his head ! ”

At night he is sure to jump up in a chair,
And he rubs on your knees till he makes them all hair ;
For his hair once a month all the year through is shed,
That nasty Tom Cat with a cold in his head !

The people all call him a beast and a bore,
They call, “ Hiss ! Tom, get out,” and they open the door,
And when Tom galloped off every one of them said,
“ Get out, you Tom Cat, with a cold in your head ! ”

In the winter he squats down in front of the fire,
And he tries all he can to get nigher and nigher,
And he sniffs at the fender—I wish he were dead!
That nasty Tom Cat with a cold in his head!

At present he's lying full length on my knee,
Now licking his coat, and now catching a flea,
Go get me a gun, some powder, and lead,
I'll shoot that Tom Cat with a cold in his head!

He cocks up his ear when you talk of a gun,
And doesn't believe you, but thinks you're in fun,
You'll find out the difference, sir, when you're bled,
You nasty Tom Cat with a cold in your head!

But here he keeps lying, as cool as you please,
I never saw Pussy Cat more at his ease;
Of your gun it is clear he don't feel any dread—
That nasty Tom Cat with a cold in his head!

And now one more stanza I think is enough,
I'll make up the dozen and all of them stuff,
In vain I seek rhymes, they're all of them fled,
With that nasty Tom Cat with a cold in his head!

A Medley.

(FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.)

HERE'S a pretty dilemma !
The cruel Miss Emma
Insists upon verses, insists upon verses,
While Apollo refuses,
Nor one of the Muses
Assistance disburses, assistance disburses.
How can I escape
From this terrible scrape ?
What ! an album's petition, an album's petition !
No prospect I can see,
Unless Madam Fancy
Vouchsafes me a vision, a vision, a vision !

Stay, methinks I see Phœbus,
To make me a rebus
Has laid down his fiddle, has laid down his fiddle,
When in comes Judge Park
With Sir Charles Mansfield Clark,
And runs off with the riddle, the riddle, the riddle !
Up starts Mrs. Hughes
When she hears the news,

And calling a Jarvey, and calling a Jarvey,
Drives after them straightway,
Through Lincoln's Inn gateway,
With Dan Whittle Harvey, with Dan Whittle Harvey !

The special attorney
Stops short on the journey,
Not liking the weather, the weather, the weather ;
So quitting the coach
At Lord Melbourne's approach,
They both begin waltzing together, together !
While stout Mr. Bentley
Trips after them gently,
Assisted by Colborn, assisted by Colborn,
Till Prince Esterhazy
Runs off with his jasey,
And pawns it in Holborn, in Holborn, in Holborn !

Charles Kemble in vain
Tries to get it again,
And taps at the wicket, and taps at the wicket ;
But Little John Russell
Contrives in the bustle
To purloin the ticket, the ticket, the ticket !
Colonel Evans comes up,
And invites him to sup

At the "Carlton," with Lockhart, and Croker, and
Croker,
Where the ghost of Horne Tooke
Blackballs Theodore Hook
For being a joker, a joker, a joker !

Then in comes Earl Grey,
In his dignified way,
Saying, "Dress me some dumplings with dripping, with
dripping,"
And ends by observing
To Washington Irving,
That Harrington's whiskers want clipping, want clipping ;
Unable to read, he
Turns round to Macready,
And tells him that yawning is catching, is catching ;
While the Duke of Buccleugh
Assures Rothschild the Jew
That Solomon's Temple wants thatching, wants thatching !

So, locking his desk, he
Roars out to Fieschi
To shoot the Lord Mayor through the body, the body ;
For Lord Alvanley's groom,
With Ducrow and Joe Hume,
Are quaffing gin toddy, gin toddy, gin toddy.

“ Look here,” says Tom Moore ;
“ I’ve a chop on a skewer,
Which I mean to get dress’d for my dinner, my dinner,
Since Lord Holland says Rogers
And I are queer codgers,
And calls Sydney Smith an old sinner, old sinner ! ”

Then mounting his horse he
Rides off with Count D’Orsay
To call on Beau Brummel at Calais, at Calais,
Where Little Bob Keeley
And young D’Israeli
Have opened a splendid gin-palace, gin-palace !
Below stairs John Britton
Is teaching a kitten
To lap all the cream in the dairy, the dairy,
And tells Sir John Soane
That her mother is grown
A profound antiquary, profound antiquary !

But stay, Mrs. Hughes
Will fall foul of my Muse,
And call her a gipsy, and call her a gipsy ;
For says she, “ Only look
How you’re spoiling the book !
Why, you’re certainly tipsy, certainly tipsy ! ”

And the man in the moon,
Taking snuff with a spoon,
Cries, "For shame! Have some conscience, some
conscience, some conscience."
So I drop my pen gaily,
And challenge Haynes Bayly
To write in eight stanzas more nonsense, more nonsense

My Dream.

[A similar piece of nonsense was scribbled off one evening, *currente calamo*, in another album, under the very eye of the fair petitioner herself.]

ABSURD as it seems
To talk about dreams,
Many persons there are who delight in such themes ;
More believe in them, too, than would like to be known,
For whose edification hear one of my own.

Methought before dark
I walked in the Park,
When in run three roysterers bent on a lark,—
Lord Abinger, Wallack, and Poole,—who like bucks
Began pulling the shrubs up and pelting the ducks.

With his wig and his mace,
And a very long face,
Came the Speaker, and bade them get out of the place ;
So they went to the Quadrant, where Louis Philippe
Had just been detected in killing a sheep.

As he could not find bail,
He was taken to jail,
But the Lord Mayor of Dublin stood there with his
tail,
Saying, "Take him elsewhere, for we've really no
room,
The last cell we had's just engaged by Lord Brougham."

Then they call'd for a cab,
When a dirty-faced drab,
Whom Lord Waterford said was the fairy Queen Mab,
Jumped up on the dicky, and seizing the reins,
Drove over Sam Rogers, and knock'd out his brains.

At this terrible sight
They were all in affright,
And called Mr. Wakley to set matters right,
Who proceeded forthwith to impanel a jury,
To sit on the body, in Perkins's Brewery.

Mrs. Trollope was there,
And was urged to declare
All ~~she~~ knew of this very distressing affair ;
But the lady was cautious, declining to mix
Up herself, as she said, in so handsome a fix.

Upon which Richard Shiel
Swore he knew that Tom Steele
Had pulled out the lynch-pin that fastened the wheel,
While Archdeacon Wilberforce offered to bet
The policeman a crown that the cab had upset.

—But Mamma, with a wink,
Says, “ Really I think
You’re wasting a great deal of paper and ink,
So finish your verses—if verses you style ’em—
Or off you both go to the Hanwell Asylum ! ”

To Mrs. Scoones.**A BIRTHDAY ODE.**

WHEN I was young,
Full oft I've sung
Gay birthday odes to birthday tunes,
Nor shall my muse
E'en now refuse
One little stave to Mrs. Scoones.

No! though Time runs,
And fifty suns
(Of course thirteen times fifty moons)
Have made me grey,
This latest lay
I'll venture yet for Mrs. Scoones.


In days of yore
Folks rose by Four,
Our mornings were their afternoons ;
'Tis Twelve at best
Ere I am drest,
For which I am blamed by Mrs. Scoones.

Up with the sun
They dined at One ;
While we, alas ! far lazier loons,
Can hardly fix
To dine at Six ;—
(The hour, I think, of Mrs. Scoones.)

Thus Seven was past
Ere our repast,
With cloth and knives and forks and spoons,
Was cleared away
And I could say—
“ One bumper now to Mrs. Scoones ! ”

The toast went round—
“ May joys abound,
Long life and health—that best of boons ! ”
Ned, Mary Anne,
And chattering Fan
All joined in—“ God bless Mrs. Scoones ! ”

The postman's bell,
That horrid knell
That frights one into fits and swoons,
Had passed our door
An hour before,—
Too late to write to Mrs. Scoones !



And Time's rude knife
In middle life
Fair Fancy's wings so closely prunes,
One can't essay
To write a lay
In half an hour to Mrs. Scoones.

Would wishes bear
Us through the air—
Ah ! wishes are not air balloons—
Beyond all doubt,
We had set out
To whisper thus to Mrs. Scoones :

“ May years of joy
Without alloy
Roll on,—the months all Mays and Junes ;
While Halbar, Phil,
Jane, Frank, and Will
Spring up like flowers round Mrs. Scoones ! ”

A Phrenological Fragment.

O H, my head ! my head ! my head !
Alack ! for my poor unfortunate head !
Mister Deville
Has been to feel,
And what do you think he said ?
He felt it up, and he felt it down,
Behind the ears and across the crown,
Sinciput, occiput, great and small,
Bumps and organs, he tickled 'em all ;
And he shook his own, as he gravely said,
“ Sir, you really have got a most singular head !

“ Why here's a bump,
Only feel what a lump ;
Why the organ of ' Sound ' is an absolute hump !
And only feel here,
Why, behind each ear,
There's a bump for a butcher or a bombardier ;
Such organs of slaughter
Would spill blood like water ;
Such ' lopping and topping ' of heads and of tails—
Why, you'll cut up a jackass with Alderman Scales,

Such destructiveness, surely, never I
Saw, save in Thurtell or little Frank Jeff-e-ry ! ”
It will do, it will do
For a slashing review—

Cætera desunt.

Moral Reflections.

GLEAN from the brute creation,
Thou vain and haughty man !
That lore thy vaunted reason
Is all too weak to scan !

Of virtue and of prudence
Rich lessons they will grant,
Thou need'st not seek thine ‘ Uncle,’
Wouldst thou but heed the Ant !

Thou careless, reckless idler,
Who mak'st of time a mock,
Observe yon thoughtful parrot
Still ask thee—“ What's o'clock ? ”

Or should unkind Apollo,
Fond bard, his aid refuse,
Go stroke yon sleek Grimalkin—
'Tis thus thou'lt court the mews !

Wouldst learn the faithful friendship
That knows not to decay,
Go ask yon simple shepherd,
He'll smile, and point to Tray !
Etc.

SONGS, EPIGRAMS, ETC.

Song.

I.

THERE sits a bird on yonder tree,
More fond than Cushat Dove ;
There sits a bird on yonder tree,
And sings to me of love.
Oh ! stoop thee from thine eyrie down !
And nestle thee near my heart,
For the moments fly,
And the hour is nigh,
When thou and I must part,
My love !
When thou and I must part.

II.

In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
The pride of the sylvan scene ;
In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
And I am his only queen ;

Oh! bound from thy secret lair,
For the sun is below the west ;
No mortal eye
May our meeting spy,
For all are closed in rest,
My love !
Each eye is closed in rest.

III.

Oh, sweet is the breath of morn !
When the sun's first beams appear ;
Oh ! sweet is the shepherd's strain,
When it dies on the listening ear ;
And sweet is the soft voice which speaks
The wanderer's welcome home ;
But sweeter far
By yon pale mild star,
With our true love thus to roam,
My dear !
With our own true love to roam !

Song.

'TIS sweet to think the pure ethereal being,
Whose mortal form reposes with the dead,
Still hovers round unseen, yet not unseeing,
Benignly smiling o'er the mourner's bed !

She comes in dreams, a thing of light and lightness ;
I hear her voice, in still small accents tell,
Of realms of bliss, and never-fading brightness ;
Where those who loved on earth, together dwell.

Ah ! yet a while, blest shade, thy flight delaying,
The kindred soul with mystic converse cheer,
To her rapt gaze, in visions bland displaying,
The unearthly glories of thy happier sphere !

Yet, yet remain ! till freed like thee, delighted,
She spurns the thralldom of encumbering clay ;
Then as on earth, in tenderest love united,
Together seek the realms of endless day !

The Cavalier.

THE Cavalier came riding
As the beams of the setting sun
Shed a lurid light
On the field of fight—
Of the fight that was lost and won.

There was blood on his saddle bow,
There was blood on his bridle rein,
As the panting steed
Relaxed his speed,
At the bower of the Lady Jane.

Fair Jane look'd east, fair Jane look'd west,
As far as she could see,
And she was aware
Of a company there
Fast galloping over the lea.

“ Oh, saw ye a horseman, lady ?
Oh, saw ye one ride this way,
Full proud was his mien,
And his scarf was of green,
And his steed was a dapple grey ? ”

- “ Oh, I saw no horseman pass,
But a dapple grey steed came by ;
 There was blood on his mane,
 There was blood on his rein,
But no rider might I espy.
- “ All travel-stain’d was that courser’s side,
And masterless was he,
 And away and away
 Flew that gallant dapple grey,
Like the summer gale fleet and free.”
- They have search’d that hail and bower,
They have search’d both wide and near,
 And the maiden’s heart beat high,
 Though no trace could they espy
Of that war-worn cavalier.
- Fair Jane look’d east, fair Jane look’d west,
No scarf of green could she see,
 But she spied in the yew,
 Through the coppice where it grew,
The blink of a bonny black e’e.
- “ Now haste and away, Lord William,
Now haste and away,” she cried,
 “ For the bellying sail
 Bends low to the gale,
And fair are both wind and tide.”

Now hoist every sail to the breeze,
And boatman ply thine oar,
For a truer hearted pair
Than the maid and Cavalier
Never yet sail'd from shore.

The Lord Warrenne.

- “**W**HAT news, what news, thou little foot page,
What news, what news, come tell to me ? ”
“ I bring you news from the Lord Warrenne,
Fighting in a far countrie ! ”
“ What news, what news, my trusty page,
What sends my noble Lord to me ? ”
“ Oh, a chaplet fair of orient pearl,
He sendeth to his gay ladye.”
“ He wills thee wear that chaplet fair,
Fall proudly on thy bonny bree ;
And he hath won a sparkling chain
Of the good red gold right valiantlie.
“ Then twine it round thy snowy neck,
For love of him ayont the sea ;
For the Soldan's daughter he hath ta'en,
With all her silken braverie.

“ Now haste, now haste, thou trusty page,
Now haste and bear me hence with glee ;
And for the tidings thou dost tell
This jewel shall thy guerdon be ! ”

Oh, soon across the briny main
Her bark is bounding merrily,
Till the Paynim Towers reflected shine
On the dark blue wave of Galilee.

The Lord Warenne, the Lord Warenne—
Where the red-cross banner floateth free,
Oh, there thou’lt find the bold Warenne,
With all his Christian chivalry.

The silken tent, within—without,
Is richly dight and rare to see ;
And a lady fair reclineth there,
Beneath a gorgeous canopie.

Her raven locks are darkly bright ;
All darkly bright is her sparkling e’e,
But her neck is white as the cygnet’s down,
The false Warenne is at her knee !

Oh ! then a single wail is heard—
A wail as sad as sad may be,
And a female form all prostrate lies
Before that goodly companie !

A chaplet fair entwines the hair,
The spoils of farthest Arabia ;
But ne'er a pearl in the snowy round
Is half so pale as the bonny bree !

Rich, sparkling links of the good red gold,
Entwine that neck of ivorie ;
But the death-cold chain, which none may loose,
Hath bound the lovely Rosalie.

On the Death of a Daughter.

'TIS o'er—in that long sigh she past—
The enfranchised spirit soars at last !
And now I gaze with tearless eye
On what to view was agony.

That panting heart is tranquil now,
And heavenly calm that ruffled brow ;
And those pale lips, which feebly strove
To force one parting smile of love,
Retain it yet—soft, placid, mild,
As when it graced my living child.

Oh ! I have watched with fondest care
To see my opening floweret blow,
And felt the joy which parents share,
The pride which fathers only know.

And I have sat the long, long night,
And marked that tender flower decay ;
Not torn abruptly from the sight,
But slowly, sadly, waste away.

The spoiler came, yet paused, as though
So meek a victim checked his arm,
Half gave and half withheld the blow,
As forced to strike, yet loth to harm.

We saw that fair cheek's fading bloom
The ceaseless canker-worm consume,
And gazed on hopelessly ;
Till the mute suffering pictured there
Wrung from a father's lip a prayer—
O God ! the prayer his child might die !
Ay, from his lip—the rebel heart
E'en then refused to bear its part.

But the sad conflict's past—'tis o'er ;
That gentle bosom throbs no more !
The spirit's freed ;—through realms of light
Faith's eagle glance pursues her flight

To other worlds, to happier skies—
Hope dries the tear which sorrow weepeth ;
No mortal sound the voice which cries,
“ The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.”

Too Late.

TOO late ! though flow'rets round me blow,
And clearing skies shine bright and fair ;
Their genial warmth avails not now—
Thou art not here the beam to share.

Thro' many a dark and dreary day,
We journey'd on 'midst grief and gloom ;
And now at length the cheering ray
Breaks forth, it only gilds thy tomb.

Our days of hope and youth are past,
Our short-lived joys for ever flown ;
And now when Fortune smiles at last,
She finds me cheerless, chilled—alone !

Ah ! no ; too late the boon is given,
Alike the frowns and smiles of Fate ;
The broken heart by sorrow riv'n,
But murmurs now, “ Too late ! Too late ! ”

A Glee

*Sung at the opening dinner of the Garrick Club,
November, 1831.*

LET poets of superior parts
Consign to deathless fame,
The larceny of the Knave of Hearts,
Who spoiled his Royal Dame.

Alack! my timid muse would quail
Before such thievish cubs,
But plumes a joyous wing to hail
Thy birth, fair QUEEN OF CLUBS!

Ballad.

TUNE—"Oh, no! we never mention him."

THEY say that I am silent, and my silence they
condemn,
For O! although they talk to me, I never talk to them!
I heed not what they think, although I know 'tis thought
by some
That I am dumb or deaf, but O! I'm neither deaf nor
dumb!

They say I'm looking sick and pale ; and well indeed they
may ;

They tell me, too, that I am sad ; I'm anything but gay !
They smile—but O ! the more they smile, the more,
alas ! I sigh ;

And when they strive to make me laugh, I turn me round
and cry !

They bid me sing the song I sung, as I have sung before,
The song I sung no more I sing—my singing days are
o'er !

They bid me play the fiddle too—my fiddle it is mute !
Nor can I, as I used to do, blow tunes upon the flute !

The feeling fain would soothe my woe, the heartless say
I sham ;

The ribald mock my grief, and call me—Sentimental
Sam !

They cannot guess what 'tis I want—there's few indeed
that can :

I want—

I want—

I want to be a butterfly, and flutter round a fan !

The Demolished Farce,**OR, WHO IS THE AUTHOR?**

[A Skit on the failure of "Decorum," a farce by Haynes Bayly.]

O NO ! we'll never mention him !
We won't upon our word !
" Decorum " now forbids to name
An unsuccessful Bard ;
From Drury Lane we'll toddle to
Our " office " with regret,
And if they ask us, " Who's been dish'd ? "
We'll say that " We forget."

We'll bid him now forsake " the scene,"
And try his ancient strain ;
He'd better " be a butterfly "
Than write a farce again ;
'Tis true that he can troll a song,
Or tender cansonette ;
But if you ask us, " What beside ? "
Why really, we forget.

And O ! there are so many now,
Who write good Come-dy,—
There's Mister Planché, Mister Peake,
And Poole, who wrote " Paul Pry."

Moncrief and Mister Buckstone join
To make a funny set,
With some half-dozen jokers more,
Whose names we quite forget.


They tell us he has got behind
A bran new five-act play ;
They say that it is devilish droll—
We heed not what they say ;
Perchance, indeed, 'twill struggle on
A night or two, but yet,
If 'tis no better than his farce,
The two you'll soon forget !

T. H. BAYLEAF.

Epitaph

ON A CELEBRATED DOCTOR OF LAWS.

A PATRIOT lies beneath this mould,
Through every country scouring ;
And when his fatal knell was toll'd,
We heard the Bell of Bow-ring.



To the Editor of "THE GLOBE AND TRAVELLER."

Sir,—I enclose you a small specimen of auto-epitaph-ography which, as a "*puer ingenui vultus ingenuique pudoris*," I fear the partiality of my friends, who may conceive the memorial inadequate to my merits, may hereafter be tempted to suppress. I prefer, therefore, seeing it in my lifetime, and am

Yours for the nonce,

MODESTUS.

Epitaph on Myself.

TRAVELLER, pause !—the gentle youth *
Whose honour'd ashes rest below,
Had wisdom, virtue, valour, truth,
And all a patriot's fervent glow.

A form so fine, so pure a mind,
Earth ne'er again may hope to see ;
He moved, in short, a thing design'd
To show men what a *man* should be.

Trav'ler, pass—nor vainly scan
Fate's dark decree, which hence withdrew
So wise, so good, so great a man,
And left so sad a scamp as you.

N.B.—No connection with William Cobbett or Beau Brummel.

* *Anno atat* 58.—If I live twenty years longer, this epithet must be altered.

Martial, LIB. 12, EPIG. 94.

(IMITATED.)

YOU ask me, friend Jack, if from humble estate,
By some strange freak of fortune, I chance to
grow great,
How my mind with my newly-raised rank would accord,
And what sort of a man I should be as a Lord ?
The question's an odd one—I know not, not I,
What change might take place, nor scarce how to reply.
Could *you* tell through your own mind what fancies
might pass,
Were you once grown a Lion instead of an Ass ?

New-Made Honour.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

A FRIEND I met some half-hour since—
“ Good morrow, Jack ! ” quoth I ;
The new-made Knight, like any Prince,
Frown'd, nodded, and pass'd by ;

When up came Jem—"Sir John, your slave!"
"Ah, James! we dine at eight—
Fail not—(low bows the supple knave)
Don't make my lady wait."
The King can do no wrong? As I'm a sinner,
He's spoilt an honest tradesman, and my dinner.

The following lines were written by an eminent **legal** wag some time since in court, on one of his brethren of the **long** robe. We venture on an extempore translation :

*Causidicus mendaxque, loquaxque, procaxque, rapaxque,
Exceptoque sagax omne quod exit in ax.*

Causidicus, yon Pleader see,
Mendax, in setting forth his plea,
Loquax, in chattering to a jury,
Procax, in browbeating a fury ;
Rapax, in grasping at his fees,
Save *Sagax*, any *ax* you please ;
But for opinion, sound and plain,
Alas ! his clients *ax* in vain.

The Torrent.

[1829.]

DADDY NEWPORT at Brookes's John Cam
Hobhouse meeting,
Discoors'd him awhile on the last Thatch'd-House
meeting :

“Och! Hobby, my darling, O'Connell's the man!
Faith, for spaking and blarney there's nothing like Dan!
His eloquence mystifies, bothers, confounds,
Rushing on like a torrent that, bursting its bounds,
Spreads wide and resistless, bears all things before”—
Sam Rogers here, suddenly ceasing to snore,
Peep'd out from the corner where slumber he shamm'd,
And cried, “Then his eloquence ought to be damm'd!”

Epigram.

“He has exposed himself constantly at the head of his men,
and in cases where decision and promptitude were necessary.”
—*Corresp. of the Courier.*

BRAVE LEOPOLD, so says a knight of the pen,
“Has exposed himself much at the head of his men;”
As his men ran away, without waiting to fight,
To expose himself there's to be first in the flight.

Had it not been as well, when he saw his men quail,
To have stay'd and exposed himself more at their tail ?
Or say, is it fair, in this noblest of quarrels,
To suffer their chief to engross all the laurels ?
No ! his men, so the muse to all Europe shall sing,
Have exposed themselves fully as much as their king.*

**On the Windows of King's College
Remaining Boarded.**

LOQUITUR DISCIPULUS ESURIENS.

PROFESSORS, in your plan there seems
A something not quite right,
'Tis queer to cherish learning's beams
By shutting out the light.

While thus we see your windows block'd,
If nobody complains ;
Yet everybody must be shock'd
To see you don't take pains.

* In 1831, soon after the election of Leopold to the throne of Belgium, war broke out with the Dutch. The King, who in person commanded a division of his army, had his position turned at Louvain, and the Belgians were compelled to retire.

And tell me why should bodily
 Succumb to mental meat ?
 Or why should *ητα, βητα, πι,*
 Be all the pie we eat ?

No *Helluo librorum* I—
 No literary glutton—
 Would veal with Virgil like to try,
 With metaphysics, mutton.

Leave us no longer in the lurch,
 With Romans, Greeks, and Hindoos ;
 But give us beef as well as birch,
 And *board us*—not your windows.

Epigram.

YOU'VE heard what a lady in Italy did—*
 How to vex a cross husband she buried a kid !
 Sam swears she'd have managed things better by half
 If, instead of the kid, she had buried the calf !

* The circumstance referred to was an imposition practised (1838) by a lady in consequence of a quarrel with her husband. Sending her only child away, she pretended that the boy had died, gave orders for his funeral, and contrived to place the body of a kid in the coffin, which was buried in due form.

Epigram.

EHEU FUGACES.

WHAT Horace says is—
Eheu fugaces

Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume !

Years glide away, and are lost to me, lost to me !

Now, when the folks in the dance sport their merry toes,

Taglionis and Ellsers, Duvernays, and Ceritos,

Sighing, I murmur, “ *O mihi præteritos !* ”

An Archæological Hint to the Curators of
Canterbury Cathedral.

FROM the droppings of dicky-birds, fann'd by a
breeze, a

Spontaneous combustion occur'd once at Pisa ;

Beware then, grave guardians of old Durovernum,

Lest cock robins *build* * in your cloisters and burn 'em.

* This word is illegible in the MS.

Epigram on a Dull Book.

FOR turning grave things to farce Prior asserts
That a ladle once stuck in an old woman's
skirts.

My Muse then may surely esteem it a boon
If in hers there sticks only—*a bit of a spoon.*

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

To Doctor Wilmot.

O DOCTOR! wilt thou dine with me,
And drive on Tuesday morning down!
Can ribs of beef have charms for thee—
The fat, the lean, the luscious brown?
No longer dressed in silken sheen,
Nor deck'd with rings and brooches rare,
Say, wilt thou come in velveteen,
Or corduroys that never tear?

O Doctor! when thou com'st away,
Wilt thou not bid John ride behind,
On pony, clad in livery gay,
To mark the birds our pointers find?
Let him a flask of darkest green
Replete with cherry brandy bear,
That we may still, our toils between,
That fascinating fluid share!

O Doctor ! canst thou aim so true,
As we through briars and brambles go,
To reach the partridge brown of hue,
And lay the mounting pheasant low ?
Or should by chance, it so befall
Thy path be cross'd by timid hare,
Say, wilt thou for the gamebag call,
And place the fur-clad victim there ?

And when at last the dark'ning sky
Proclaims the hour of dinner near,
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And quit thy sport for homely cheer ?
The cloth withdrawn, removed the tray—
Say, wilt thou, snug in elbow chair,
The bottle's progress scorn to stay,
But fill the fairest of the fair ?

To Henry Colburn, Esq., etc., etc.

COLBURN, I'm ill—my nerves are all unstrung—
These atmospheric changes, no doubt, hurt me ;
I've got a bilious coating on my tongue,
And I want something comic to divert me.

What can you send me, Harry?—surely you
And Bentley, from your Burlington depository,
Can manage to despatch me something new
And Liberal—you know I never was a Tory.

And Whiggery's now the order of the day,
“With all my heart! I won't be out of fashion;”
Don't send me Mother Morgan though, I pray—
Her bottled small-beer puts me in a passion,

At once so pert and vapid—then those bits
Of dreadful patois!—'Twere enough, my Harry,
To throw a nervous body into fits
To hunt them out in Boyer's dictio-nary.

I thought, dear Colburn, you had been too wise
To puff such things—you saw John Murray shy 'em;
He offers now the old ones at half-price—
I wonder who the deuce he thinks will buy 'em?

Don't send me Mister Lytton Bulwer's poem,
The ‘Siamese Twins,’ which the Reviews so quiz—
All Satire is a bore—besides, I know him,
And do not covet anything that's his.

Your Dandy-Radical's a strange anomaly,
It really almost makes one sick to see 'em;
And I shall read the Gentleman a homily
Next time I meet him at the ‘Athenæum.’

‘Pelham’ one might endure upon one’s table,
And even ‘Devereux,’ though not worth a button ;
But then ‘Paul Clifford’s’ quite abominable,
Though much admired by Mister Sambo Sutton.*

Let’s see !—you’ve puffed and printed thirty-seven,
So Fraser says—surely they’re not all rubbish !
You might, methinks, pick out ten or eleven,
Which a sick friend may fancy ‘pretty Bobbish.’

‘Heiress of Bruges ?’—No, that will never do—
That’s a bad copy of Sir Walter’s worst ;
No, ‘Walter Colyton,’ no more will you ;
You’re a far greater nuisance than the first.

‘English at Home.’—I would they were abroad—
‘Denounced ?’—No, Banim, ’tis the worst thing you
did—
‘Separation ?’—That’s a literary fraud—
‘Foreign Exclusives ?’—everywhere excluded !

O dear ! O dear ! I never can go on !
Here, Harry Colburn, take the list yourself !
And out of your abundance, choose the one
You think the most facetious on your shelf ;

* A noted black prize-fighter.

One not 'replete' with anything tho', nor stated
As 'full of spirit, incident, and variety ;'
Not 'powerfully written,' nor 'calculated
To please the higher classes of society !'

Don't let it have 'much interesting matter,'
 'Wit,' or 'original grouping,'—when a body
 Is ill, one can't away with 'humorous satire,'
 'Peculiarly adapted' unto any body.

‘ Pictures of the human heart ’ one vilipends,
 ‘ Accomplished auth’resses ’ are not more dear,
 Works ‘ full of character ’——

(Enter Burlingtonian Devil, with a parcel of volumes in boards.)

(*The Fiend*)—

Please, sir, Master sends
His comp's, and hopes, as how, you'll like these here !

(Invalid)

Bravo ! young Beelzebub !—stay, here's a shilling !
I hope, though, there's no ' raciness of style,'
No ' elegance of——' —Z—ds ! you little villain,
What is't you've got in this confounded pile ?

* * * * *

‘Perdition catch thy arm, the chance is thine!’
 It is—I’m dying—Oh!—I can no more!—
 For worlds I could not read another line!
 Adieu!—I lay my death at Colburn’s door!

(Invalid sinks exhausted, faints, groans a tragedy groan, and expires. The imp clasps his hands, and bends over him in the most approved Macready attitude—Enters Coroner’s Jury, and sit upon the body. Books produced in evidence; several of the gentlemen impannelled taken ill at their appearance; Mr. Baker’s Clerk carried out in a swoon.—Corpse examined; VISCERA much inflamed, and brain altogether evaporated. Verdict—“Accidental death from suffocation by mephitic GAS, administered in PUFFS by some person or persons unknown.”—A deodand of one farthing on the volumes.)

TO R. H. D. BARHAM.

ST. PAUL’S, July 5, 1830.

I FIND, Mister Dick,
 That you’ve played me a trick,
 For which you deserve a reproof—
 Not to say a reproach;
 You got out of the coach,
 And settled yourself on the roof.

You knew you'd a cough,
And when you set off,
I cautioned you as to your ride,
And bade you take care
Of the damp and cold air,
And above all to keep withinside.

This they tell me that you
Did not choose to do,
But exchanged with some person, they said ;
And so Easton mistook
Your name in his book,
And charged you what he should have paid.

I found them quite willing
To refund every shilling,
And render to Cæsar his due ;
They gave me back three,
Which I take to be
The overplus forked out by you.

Now don't do this again ;
Indeed, to be plain,
If you mount, when you come back to town,
Your namesake the ' Dicky,'
I shall certainly lick ye,
And perhaps half demolish your crown.

Mamma means to enclose
Two white 'wipes' for your nose ;
As your purse may be run rather hard,
I shall also attack her
To augment your exchequer
With a sovereign stuck in a card.

But my note I must end it,
Or 'twill be too late to send it
To-day, which I much wish to do ;
So remember us, mind, enough
To our friends who are kind enough
To be bored with such a nuisance as you.

Write as soon as you can,
That's a good little man,
And direct your epistle to me ;
Meanwhile, I remain,
Till I see you again,
Your affectionate sire,—R. H. B.

To Master Edward Barham (ÆTAT. 8.)*August 17, 1836.*

MY dear little Ned,
As I fear you have read
All the books that you have, from great A down to Z,
And your aunt, too, has said
That you're very well bred,
And don't scream and yell fit to waken the dead,
I think that instead
Of that vile gingerbread
With which little boys, I know, like to be fed.
(Though lying like lead
On the stomach, the head
Gets affected, of which most mammas have a dread)
I shall rather be led
Before you to spread
These two little volumes—one blue and one red.
As three shillings have fled,
From my pocket, dear Ned,
Don't dog's-ear nor dirt them, nor read them in bed.
Your affectionate Father,

R. H. B.

To C. Ryde, Esq.**WITH A PRESENT OF BLACK CLOTH.**

MY dear Mr. Ryde,
The cloth I confide
To your messenger tried,
Safe sealed up and tied.
It can't be denied
That though rough it's well dyed,
And sufficiently wide
(Or my tailor has lied)
To cover your hide
From ancle to side.
If you're going to ride,
Or this winter decide
Upon learning to slide
On the Thames or the Clyde—
A thing I always shied,
And could never "abide,"
From motives allied
To a feeling of pride,
As too undignified—
On the ice ere you glide,
Such smallclothes provide
As fit well in the stride.

The cloth, says my bride,
Ere the needle is plied,
Should be damped and then dried ;
And when thus purified
They'll be jet black, not pied.
In this I coincide.

Adieu, my dear Ryde,
All good fortune betide
Yourself, my good friend, and your breeches beside.

A Friendly Remonstrance.

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITORS, ETC., OF 'THE GLOBE.'

June 24th, 1837.

MY dear Mr. Moran,
Although in the Koran,
Mohammed, prohibiting wine,
Says people should get
Lemonade and sherbet,
Such talking is all very fine ;

And the system may work
Very well with a Turk,
A Moor, a Mogul, or a Persian ;
But John Bull, you must own,
For spring water alone
Entertains an especial aversion.

What the deuce are you at ?
Does the 'Globe' mean to rat
From its principles—Port and October ?
It had better turn Tory
At once, like "old Glory,"
Than grow so confoundedly sober.

Who cares for the potter
Of Lettsom and Trotter ?
Astley Cooper's grown blinder than Cupid.
As to Bacher, I guess
He's an ass, and U. S.
I suppose means "Uncommonly stupid !"

I've heard Colonel Torrens
Express his abhorrence
Of milksops, and often upon 'em he
Things severer has said,
Than ever I read
In political tracts of economy.

And surely the Captain
Won't think of adapting
His taste to these teetotal fancies,
Or say the pure element
Is for the belly meant,
Unless when it mixed with right Nantz is.

If once your good Editor
Turns to a bread-eater,
Moistening his crust with cool waters,
All the fire in his leaders
Is quench'd, and his readers
Will swear they're a Dairyman's Daughter's.

If you make Mr. Chapman
A gruel and pap-man,
At once you destroy all the pleasure he
Now takes in beholding
The silver and gold in
The iron safe forming your treasury.

Methinks Mr. Eaves,
As he locks up and leaves,
For his skinful of grog stoutly stickles ;
And I hear honest Joe
Exclaim, " This is no go ! "
As he bolts to his friend Colonel Nichols.

Mr. Barnard won't stay,
Without wetting his clay
Now and then with a taste of cool " swipes,"
And I am sure Mr. Harvey
Will send for a jarvey
And " brush " with his galleys and types.

I admit drinking gin
Is a shame and a sin,
It bemuddles and don't make one frisky ;
But think of the scorn
Which an Irishman born
Deserves who talks scandal of whisky !

Then pray, Mr. Moran,
Don't think of encoring
Such paragraphs : prithee stand neuter ;
Or if drams you cut short,
Speak civil of port,
And allow us a pull at the pewter.

To Doctor Hume.

St. P. C. Y., November 4, 1837.

DOCTOR dear ! the Queen's a-coming !
All this ancient city round,
Scarce a place to squeeze one's thumb in,
High or low, can now be found ;
So my spouse—you'll hardly thank her—
Thus in substance bids me say :
" Bring your sweet self to an anchor,
Doctor dear, with us that day ! "

If no haunch your palate tickles,
If no turtle greet your eye,
There'll be cold roast beef and pickles,
Ox-tail soup, and pigeon-pie.

Fear not then the knaves who fleece men—
Johnny Raws, and country muffs !
There'll be lots of new policemen
To control the rogues and roughs.

Doctor, darling ! think how grand is
Such a sight ! the great Lord May'r,
Heading all the city dandies,
There on horseback takes the air !

Chains and maces all attend, he
Rides all glorious to be seen ;
“Lad o' wax !” great heaven forfend he
Don't get spilt before the Queen !

Blue-coat boys with classic speeches—
From our windows you shall view
Their yellow stockings, yellow breeches,
And “long togs” of deepest blue.

Here the cutlers,—there the nailers,
Here the barber-surgeons stand,—
Goldsmiths here—there merchant tailors,
And in front the Coldstream Band !

Gas-lights, links, and flambeaux blazing,
These will shame the noon-tide ray ;
“ Night !—pooh !—stuff ! ’tis quite amazing !
Why ’tis brighter far than day ! ”

But a scene so brilliant mocks all
Power its beauties to declare ;
Once beheld, poor Gye of Vauxhall
Hangs himself in deep despair !

Come then, Doctor, quit your shrubbery,
Cock your castor o’er your ear ;
Come and gaze, and taste the grubbery,
Ah, now join us, Doctor dear !

R. H. B.

To Miss Barham,

August 15, 1841.

MY dear little Fanny,—I take up my pen
Just to say that we set off on Monday, at ten,
By the Magnet to Margate, and call on the way
At a place which I think you remember, Herne Bay ;
For there, if I recollect rightly, the guide,
Betsy Homersham, sous’d you so much that you cried.
We’ve not yet engaged any lodgings ; the Halls,
Who have been there some time, and live close to St.
Paul’s,

Assure us, however, we shan't have much trouble
In suiting a number like ours, or e'en double.
But then you'll observe, since as yet we don't know
To what part of the town we may happen to go,
And cannot decide till at least we so far get,
You had better direct to us, "Post Office, Margate,"
A mode of arrangement for want of a better
Which I mean to adopt in the case of each letter.
I sent down a salmon to-day, and I hope
That it will not discredit the fishmonger, Pope,
But I deeply regret things should turn out so cross
That I could not procure one poor lobster for sauce ;
But somehow or other so few had come in,
Pope had not a single one, neither had Lynn ;
So be sure, my dear Fanny, you make my excuses,
And mind and write soon and let's know what the news is ;
Your mammy will write to you soon, and your bird
Sings so loud and so long, it is really absurd ;
Mary Anne's grown quite fond of the creature, indeed
She does nothing but stuff it with sugar and seed.
I really don't think I have aught more to tell,
And the postman below is come ringing his bell,
So God bless you, my dear, I shall now say "Farewell."
Write to one of us soon—if you ask me, I'd rather
You'd address, of the two,—Your affectionate Father.

R. H. B.

To Richard Bentley, Esq.*December 21, 1841.*

DEAR BENTLEY,—
“Nell Cook” is ripe,
And up in type,—
So Bangor* boys repeat;
And “Colin Clink”
Is daubed with ink,
Down to a single sheet.

Poor Tom Hill’s dead,
And it is said
His heir is E. Dubois.
Tom kept an infernal
Sort of a journal
Of all he heard and saw—

I think if you
Mind p and q,
You may get hold of the Diary;
Dubois could well
Make a book that would sell;
At least, it’s worth inquiry.

* Printed at Bangor House.

And if your mind
 That way's inclin'd,
 I could put you into a way
 To get at Dubois
 Through his brother-in-law,
 So respond without delay.

Thine,

R. H. B.

To Dr. Hume.

April, 1842.

*D*IFFUGERE nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,
 The snows are fled, the grass now scarcely
 damp is ;

Solvitur acris Hyems gratâ vice Veris ;

Stern Winter's gone, the grateful Spring-time near is ;

Ubi gentium Hume ?

Is he up in his room ?

Vel antro sub grato

“ 'Ating potato ” ?

In agris est vix

A making of bricks ?

Cur non venit ad urbem,

Now there's nothing to disturb him—

*Usque ad Londinum,
Churchyardque Paulinum?
Nil mihi rescribas sed venias ipse
Quadrigâ vel omnibus, sobrius vel tipse.*

R. H. B.

To the Garrick Club.

CLIFTON, May, 1845.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
Who have nothing to do about sheep,
While, as Shenstone, the poet, would say,—
I have nothing to do but to weep.

For here I sit all the day long,
And must do so, I dare say, all June,
While so far from singing a song,
I can't even whistle a tune.

For the probang, the blister, and leech,
So completely my notes have o'erthrown,
When I try the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.

It's useless attempting to speak,
For my voice is beyond my control ;
If high, it's an ear-piercing squeak,
If low, it's a grunt or a growl !

Can Clifton those beauties assume,
Which patients have found in her face,
When shut up all day in a room,
One can't get a peep at the place ?

Ye Garrickers, making your sport,
As ye revel in gossip and grub,
Oh ! send some endearing report
Of how matters go on at the Club.

When I think on the rapid mail train,
In a moment I seem to be there,
But the sight of N.E. on the vane
Soon hurries me back to despair.

The Committee, O say do they send
A blessing—or ban—after me ?
Mr. Gwilt, does he duly attend
To his salad and little *roti* ?

Davy Roberts, that glorious R. A.,
Does he still smoke his hookha in peace ?
Is Millingen there every day ?
Is Mills a trustee to the lease ?

Does the claret suit Thornton ? and how
Does Lord Tenterden like the cigars ?
Has anyone yet in a row
Kicked impudent —— downstairs ?

For methought that a sweet little bird
In my ear of its likelihood sung,
And I loved it the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from its tongue.

O, say is the story a hoax,
Or one to be classed among fibs,
That Murphy's upset with his jokes
Colonel Sibthorpe, and broken his ribs ?

Has Durant got rid of his cough ?
Are Sav'ry's rheumatics quite gone ?
And how do the dinners go off,
And how does the ballot go on ?

Does Stanhope's good humour endure ?
What are White and Sir Henry about ?
Is Talfourd gone up to his tour,
Or Arden gone down to his trout ?

Does Calcraft, who saved us from blazing,
Still watch o'er our int'rests at night ?
Does Ovey still drive up his chaise in ?
Is Rainy as ever polite ?

Charles Kemble, his nose is it aching
As yet from his fall, or got well?
Has Harley decided on making
Miss —— a church-going belle?

Is Titmarsh on anything clever,
Or bent on returning to France?
Is Planché as bustling as ever,
Avowedly going to Dance?

Say where—but ah me! wherefore ask
When there's none to reply or to care,
And Echo herself scorns the task
Of answering gloomily "Where?"

But Fladgate will write, or George Raymond,—
His muse will not surely decline
For one moment to turn from the gay *monde*,
And sympathize sadly with mine.

Perhaps you'll consider it silly
To end with a rascally pun,
But as I have thus done my *billet*,
O, send me back one *billet* done!*

* An allusion to Mr. William—more commonly called Billy—Dunn,
Treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre.

The Radiant Boy.

A FRAGMENT.

[The tradition upon which THE RADIANT BOY is founded, is connected with one of those seemingly doomed families—there are said to be more than one—in which the eldest son never lives to inherit the estate. In the present case the origin of the curse is attributed to the misdeed of a certain wicked uncle, who, out of greed of gold, made away with the orphan heir committed to his charge. The boy was taken to a pond in his own garden, and therein drowned. The murderer succeeded to house and lands, and, unlike his Norfolk prototype, for a while prospered exceedingly. He married, and was blest with a son, of whom he became extravagantly fond and proud. But the avenger was at his heels. One day the child complained to him that when playing in the garden he was constantly interrupted by a strange little boy, who would neither leave him nor join in his game. He described the intruder as being very beautiful, but pale and sad, and, what was most remarkable, as being surrounded by a soft light which floated about him as he moved! He never spake, but seemed by gestures to invite the narrator to follow him. This the little fellow was not disposed to do. The father, greatly disturbed at the tale, took an angry tone, and forbade his son either to play again in the garden, or to make further mention of his strange companion. He was obeyed; but the child, in consequence of confinement to the house, grew wan and ill; so that one bright day an attendant, moved by his piteous looks, took him out to the forbidden spot, and, meaning to be absent only a few minutes, left him. She was detained, and on her return the

child was gone. Search was made, and he was discovered at length lying dead in the fatal pond, whither, without the shadow of a doubt, he had been lured by the ghost of his murdered cousin. And from that time to this the "Radiant Boy," as he became to be spoken of in the family, has continued to appear at intervals ; but he is never seen save by a child—the eldest son of the house. In all cases the result is the same—death ! sometimes by lingering disease, sometimes by sudden blow, but always death ! None that has seen him has ever lived to call that fair domain his own.]

"THAT pretty little boy, Mamma,
That stands behind the tree,
Do let him come indoors, Mamma,
And bid him play with me.

"Papa is busy now, Mamma,
And sister is away,
Oh ! bid that little boy come in,
That we may go and play."

"What little boy ? thou silly child,
No little boy I see :"—

"Oh ! there he stands upon the lawn,
And weeps beneath the tree ;

"He will not come and play, Mamma,
I show him every toy ;
I bid him come, but still he weeps ;
Is he a naughty boy ?"

“Why what is this, Tom Ingoldsby,
My child, what may it mean?
I look upon the lawn, but there
No little boy is seen;

“The linden tree is straight and tall,
Its leaves are fresh and fair,
But there’s no little boy at all—
No pretty boy is there.”

“Now nay, now nay, my mother dear,
He stands beside the tree;
He weeps, he sheds full many a tear,
Yet still he looks on me.

“Full many a time and oft, Mamma,
I’ve asked him day by day,
But there he always stands and weeps—
He will not come and play.

“What makes him look so pale, Mamma?
Why is he weeping so?
There—now at once he’s gone away!
I did not see him go:

“ He went not down the gravel walk,
He did not cross the lawn,
And yet he’s gone away at once ;—
Mamma, where is he gone ? ”

“ You little monkey, are you mad ? ”
The mother smiling said ;
But her voice had something lost its tone,
And her cheek a little red.

She look’d adown the gravel walk,
And across the grass-green sod ;
Of course she’d no belief in Ghosts,
But she thought it rather odd.

“ Go in,” quoth she, “ thou silly child—
Go in, and mind your toys,
And do not talk such stuff to me
Of pretty little boys.”

* * * *

“ Papa ! papa ! he’s there again—
He’s come again to-day !
See, there he stands !—do make him stop,
And bid him come and play.

“ Mamma was angry yesterday,
She said it was not true,
But see ! he’s there again, Papa,
Now you can see him too !

“ I love this fine old house, Papa,
I like its large old hall ;
It is so very nice a place
For us to play at ball.

“ Yes ! we’ve been here now half a year,
And yet, though day by day
I’ve ask’d him, he will not come in,
All I can do or say.”

* * * *

The Bulletin.

9, DOWRY SQUARE, HOT-WELLS, *May 29, 1845.*

HARK !—the doctors come again,
Knock—and enter doctors twain—
Dr. Keeler, Dr. Blane :—
“ Well, sir, how
Go matters now ?
Please your tongue put out again ! ”
Meanwhile, t’other side the bed,
Doctor Keeler
Is a feeler
Of my wrist, and shakes his head :—
“ Rather low, we’re rather low ! ”
(Deuce is in’t, an ’twere not so !
Arrowroot, and toast-and-water,
Being all my nursing daughter,
By their order, now allows me ;
If I hint at more she rows me,
Or at best will let me soak a
Crust of bread in tapioca.)
“ Cool and moist though, let me see,
Seventy-two, or seventy-three,
Seventy-four, perhaps, or so ;
Rather low, we’re rather low !

Now, what sort of night, sir, eh ?
Did you take the mixture, pray ?
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
And the draught and pills at nine ? ”

PATIENT (*loquitur*).

“ Coughing, doctor, coughing, sneezing,
Wheezing, teasing, most unpleasing,
Till at length I, by degrees, in-
Duced ‘ Tired nature’s sweet restorer,’
Sleep, to cast her mantle o’er her
Poor unfortunate adorer,
And became at last a snorer.
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
Nor the draughts did I decline ;
But those horrid pills at nine !
Those I did not try to swallow,
Doctor, they’d have beat me hollow.
I as soon
Could gulp the moon,
Or the great Nassau balloon,
Or a ball for horse or hound, or
Bullet for an eighteen-pounder.”

DOCTOR K.

“ Well, sir— well, sir—we’ll arrange it,
If you can’t take pills, we’ll change it ;
 Take, we’ll say,
 A powder grey,
All the same to us which way ;
 Each will do ;
 But, sir, you
Must perspire whate’er you do.
(Sudorific comes from *sudo* !)
Very odd, sir, how our wills
Interfere with taking pills !
I’ve a patient, sir, a lady
Whom I’ve told you of already,
 She’ll take potions,
 She’ll take lotions,
She’ll take drugs, and draughts by oceans ;
She’ll take rhubarb, senna, rue ;
She’ll take powders grey and blue,
Tinctures, mixtures, linctures, squills,
But, sir, she will *not* take pills !
Now the throat, sir, how’s the throat ? ”

PATIENT.

“ Why, I can’t produce a note !
I can’t sound one word, I think, whole,

But they hobble,
And they gobble,
Just like soapsuds down a sink-hole,
Or I whisper like the breeze,
Softly sighing through the trees ! ”

DOCTOR.

“ Well, sir—well, sir—never mind, sir,
We’ll put all to rights you’ll find, sir,
 Make no speeches,
 Get some leeches ;
 You’ll find twenty
 Will be plenty,
Clap them on, and let them lie
On the *pomum Adami* ;
Let them well the trachea drain,
 And your larynx,
 And your pharynx—
Please put out your tongue again !
 Now the blister !
 Ay, the blister !
Let your son, or else his sister,
Warm it well, then clap it here, sir,
All across from ear to ear, sir ;
 That suffices,
 When it rises,

Snip it, sir, and then your throat on
Rub a little oil of Croton :
Never mind a little pain !
Please put out your tongue again !
“ Now, sir, I must down your maw stick
This small sponge of lunar caustic,
 Never mind, sir,
 You’ll not find, sir,
I the sponge shall leave behind, sir,
Or the probang make you sick, sir,
I shall draw it back so quick, sir ;
This I call my prime elixir !
 How, sir ! choking ?
 Pooh ! you’re joking—
Bless me ! this is quite provoking !
What can make you, sir, so wheezy ?
Stay, sir !—gently !—take it *easy* !
 There, sir, that will do to-day.
Sir, I think that we may say
 We are better, doctor, eh ?
Don’t you think so, Doctor Blane ?
Please put out your tongue again !
 Iodine and anodyne,
 Ipecacuanha wine,
And since you the pills decline,
Draught and powder grey at nine.

There, sir ! there, sir ! now good day,
 I've a lady 'cross the way,
 I must see without delay ! "

[*Exeunt Doctors.*]

As I Laye A-Thynkyngge.

THE LAST LINES OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

I.

AS I lay a-thynkyngge, a-thynkyngge, a-thynkyngge,
 Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye ;
 There came a noble Knyghte,
 With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
 And his gallant heart was lyghte,
 Free and gaye ;
 As I laye a-thynkyngge, he rode upon his waye.

II.

As I lay a-thynkyngge, a-thynkyngge, a-thynkyngge,
 Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree !
 There seem'd a crimson plain,
 Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,
 And a steed with broken rein
 Ran free ;
 As I laye a-thynkyngge, most pityful to see !

III.

As I lay a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe ;
 A lovely Mayde came bye,
 And a gentil Youth was nyghe,
 And he breathed manie a syghe
 And a vowe ;
As I lay a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now.

IV.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne ;
 No more a Youth was there,
 But a Maiden rent her haire,
 And cried in sadde despaire,
 “ That I was borne ! ”
As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

V.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar ;
 There came a lovely childe,
 And his face was meek and mild,
 Yet joyously he smiled
 On his sire ;
As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.

VI.

But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier ;
 That joyous smile was gone,
 And the face was white and wan,
 As the downe upon the swan
 Doth appear,
As I laye a-thynkyng,—oh ! bitter flow'd the tear !

VII.

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,
O, merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast
 With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
 While soaring to the skies,
 'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
 As to her nest ;
As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest :—
 “ Follow, follow me away,
 It boots not to delay,”—
 'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
 “ HERE IS REST ! ”

T. I.

THE END.



